

THE PHANTOM CRUISER

BY LIEUT. WARNEFORD, R.N.



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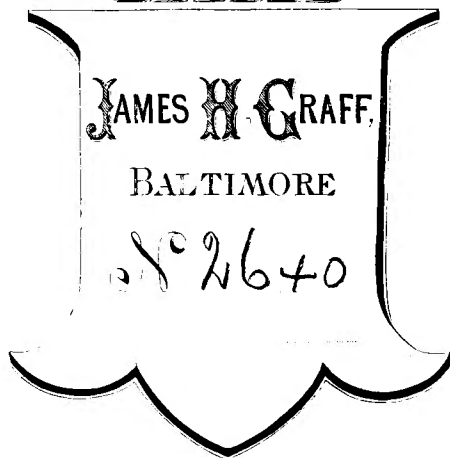
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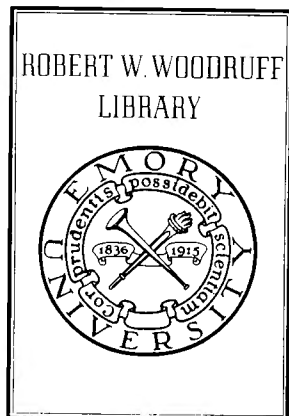
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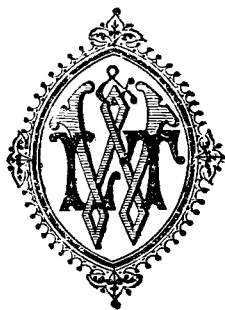
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THE
PHANTOM CRUISE

EDITED BY
LIEUT WARNEFORD, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF
"TALES OF THE COAST GUARD," "RUNNING THE BLOCKADE," "THE JOLLY BOAT"
ETC., ETC., ETC.



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PREFACE.

IN justice to as able a seaman as ever trod the quarterdeck of a man-of-war, it is necessary to state here that the following Tales emanate from the pen of Lieut. C. P. Morgan, U.S.N.; who is, however, possessed of an overweening faith in the chivalry of his countrymen, and is, in consequence, a little unjust to ours, whom he occasionally very unfairly describes. My connection with the Book has been confined to passing the sheets through the Press, and superintending those minor details which constitute the usual duties of an Editor.

R. WARNEFORD,
Lieut. R.N.

SOUTHAMPTON, *December* 1864.



THE PHANTOM CRUISER



CHAPTER I.

“All hands ahoy ! turn out—turn out !
The wind has shifted ; ready about,
Ready about—then shorten sail,
And our ship will be likely to weather the gale.”

OUR story opens on that part of the Atlantic Ocean adjacent to the coast of North America and the West Indies, which was made peculiarly famous during the second and last rupture between the United States and Great Britain by the many bold and daring exploits then and there enacted ; a few of which were faithfully chronicled as facts of history, whilst the great mass only did, and in fact only could, receive a slight and passing notice. Then and there it was that large, well-manned, and well-appointed ships-of-war were hectorred, defied, and sometimes strategically overpowered by the bold and dashing privateersman of the coast, whose very name became at length a terror to the British naval officers commanding at the different American stations. To

vanquish, burn, sink, and destroy those saucy little crafts called Yankee privateers consequently became the leading object of British naval ambition, and all her nautical energies were, for this enterprising but difficult purpose, kept in constant and active requisition. Vessels of all sizes and all descriptions of naval architecture were pressed into this peculiarly hazardous and delicate service, the preference of course being given to the fastest sailers, and those carrying the lightest draught of water.

One of the best and most eligible of this last-named class of sea-rovers was a sloop-of-war, called the *Diadem*, which, on the morning of the 10th of October 1813, lay becalmed on the bosom of the Atlantic, between Salt Keys, on the coast of Florida, and the Great Bahama Banks. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the weather was hot and sultry in the extreme, so that all work upon ship-board, except what was absolutely necessary, was suspended, and the officers and men allowed to lounge about the decks in such positions as would give them the benefit of the little air produced by the heavy flapping of the sails, which was nearly all that was then to be had.

“By the jumping Jupiter!” said Mr. Willetts, the boatswain, to Mr. Blunt, the gunner, as they leaned against the starboard rail on the main-deck; “I’m almost too hot to breathe.”

"So am I," returned Blunt, "and I don't know but one way by which we can get cooler."

"How's that?" inquired the boatswain.

"By putting a stopper on at once."

"On to what?"

"Why, our breath, to be sure."

"I rather imagine," replied Willetts, "that it would cool us, with a vengeance. Suppose you try it first, and let me watch the result? When you get thoroughly cool, then I'll try it."

"Oh, belay your nonsense," returned the gunner, "and take a squint at that thing off the larboard beam. It looks to me like a strange sail."

After taking a pretty hard and a pretty long squint in the direction mentioned by his companion, the boatswain exclaimed:

"It *is* a sail, by the jumping Jupiter! and it's nearing us. I guess she's got a bit of a breeze, by the way she comes up."

"A devilish small bit, unless she's got more than we have," returned the gunner.

"That's a fact," said Mr. Willetts; "for our craft ain't got steerage-way on her. But that strange craft appears to be a small concern, any way. She's either a fore-and-aft schooner or brigantine, and I can't tell exactly which."

"Likely as not it's one of them d—d Yankee privateers that we're looking after," suggested Mr. Blunt.

"Perhaps it's the Phantom Cruiser," said the boatswain in reply.

"What is she?" inquired the gunner, with anxious curiosity.

"It would puzzle the jolly jumping Jupiter to tell that exactly," returned Willetts. "So near as I've been able to find out, however, she's part pirate and part privateer, and her captain is one-third angel and two-thirds devil."

"A kind of 'Flying Dutchman' sort of craft, I should judge," replied the gunner.

"Ay, kind of that way, only more so," rejoined the boatswain. "It is said she sails just as well without wind as with it, and that she can't be caught by the swiftest craft that floats on the briny billows."

"I guess if we had a free wind, and plenty of it, we'd give her a try, any how," rejoined Mr. Blunt.

"She's a strange concern, any way," observed the boatswain.

"She is all that, I really believe," said the gunner; "for since she has hove in sight, all hands have waked up, and, in spite of the infernal heat, are gazing at her with all their might and main."

"All true," returned Mr. Willetts; "and see, the report of the stranger's appearance has even brought the ladies on deck, for I just saw Miss Claremont, and Quillah, the quadroon, coming up from the cabin gangway."

"I think they had better have staid below," said the gunner, "out of the sun."

"I don't know about that," rejoined the boatswain, "for they want to know what's going on as much as we do, and more too; if they don't, they ain't women, that's all."

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by an order directed to Mr. Willetts from the quarter-deck, and soon afterwards the hands were piped down to dinner. As a matter of course, the appearance of the strange sail was the principal topic of discussion during the meal referred to, the ship all the time laying becalmed upon the ocean, as had been the case since daylight of the same morning.

Dinner being over in the cabin, the captain of the *Diadem*, a rough and blustering officer of the old school, repaired to the quarter-deck, which he paced fore and aft impatiently, muttering to himself—"A wind, a wind, my kingdom for a wind! that I may be able to give chase to that infernal brigantine."

Here the soliloquy of the worthy captain was interrupted by an inquiry from one of the females, previously referred to by the boatswain, as to whether or not the strange vessel was American.

"Yes," replied the captain, stopping short in his walk; "she's Yankee to the backbone."

"Has she shown any colours, sir?"

"No, blast her; and it's not necessary to let *me*

know what she is. Have you not observed, Miss Claremont, that she keeps gradually nearing us and going ahead at the same time, and that without, apparently, a breath of wind to help her along?"

"I have observed the fact you mention, sir," replied the lady, "and supposed it not quite impossible but that at her present distance she might have a slight breeze without our being able to feel, or indeed know, any thing about it. She seems to be coming towards us, too, as fast as she can—which, to my mind, favours the idea of her belonging to a friendly nation, and having peaceable intentions."

"All you have just said, Miss Claremont," answered the captain, "appears quite reasonable; and had I no more knowledge of naval affairs than you have, I should undoubtedly be of the same opinion; but these cursed Yankees—excuse, if you please, the *saltiness* of my language—are up to as many devilish cunning, daring, unexpected, and infernal tricks, as to render it quite possible for a smaller vessel than that on our larboard bow to run even a frigate close on board, and then get away, without harm, directly from under her guns."

"According to that," rejoined the lady, "the vessel now in sight intends to run you on board, as you term it."

"Ah-h—I only hope her commander *does* intend to do that delicate little job," returned the captain;

"I'll show him an English trick worth a dozen of his Yankee stratagems ; and if he gets clear of me with a whole ship and a whole skin, I'll hang myself at the yard-arm, and quit the service for ever."

Having thus expressed his final resolution in case of the successful issue of a Yankee trick, Captain Herbert Graves, of H.B.M. sloop-of-war *Diadem*, crossed over to the larboard side of the quarter-deck, ordered the first lieutenant "to keep a sharp lookout for the strange sail, and the wind, if there should ever happen to be any," and then retired to his cabin.

Partially following the captain's example, we will, with the reader's permission, go down to the ward-room, where we shall find sitting at the mess-table, discussing the merits of some choice wine and fragrant cigars, two individuals destined to be somewhat prominently connected with the main interests of our present story. One of these—a young man, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age—was the second lieutenant, who, at the time spoken of, happened, on account of a slight indisposition, to be off duty ; the other was Lord William Gordon, an English nobleman, about two years older than his companion, who had taken passage on board the *Diadem* from Jamaica for Halifax, where he intended to take the first opportunity that offered to sail for England.

After conversing for some few minutes upon topics

of no particular interest to any but themselves, Mr. Romaine, the second lieutenant, said :

“Egad, my lord, you’re a lucky dog ! Several fortunate stars must have combined to form the planet under which you were born.”

“My dear young fellow,” languidly replied the person thus addressed, “you are widely mistaken—very far out of the right latitude ; for, in point of fact, I am one, at least have been one, of the most unlucky individuals in existence.”

“Were you to tell that to a dead horse, my lord,” returned the second lieutenant, “he would rise up and kick your brains out. Are you not the eldest son of one of England’s mighty peers, and sole heir to an immense fortune ? Are you not, also, the betrothed husband of Angeline Claremont, who is one of the most beautiful girls the United Kingdom has ever produced, and who has just been made heiress to a hundred thousand pounds sterling ?”

“Notwithstanding,” returned Gordon, as his companion paused for a reply, “all you have said is in the main correct, the case is not altered, but remains the same. Have I not already—in consequence, perhaps, of being the elder son you speak of—run through a career of dissipation and debauchery, that has made me prematurely old ? and was I not obliged to fly from London, to avoid the consequence of a gambling debt I was unable to pay ?”

"What odds does that make," interrupted the second lieutenant, "inasmuch as, your father being since dead, you are now returning home able to pay a hundred debts of the same handsome amount?"

"Not a great deal, perhaps," responded the young nobleman; "although the stigma attaching to my dishonourable flight may long outlast my payment of the debt; but pecuniary affairs are of mere secondary consideration. I am unhappy, Romaine, about the other affair you mentioned."

"Where the lady was concerned?"

"Ay," replied Gordon, "precisely there."

"If what I said is true," answered Romaine, "you ought to be the happiest mortal in the world."

"*Ought* to be!" repeated Gordon, with bitter emphasis; "ay, hear me; and then, if you can, hold the same opinion. We were betrothed by our parents, when both were children, and before each of us had seen the other. That the match in question was made from mercenary motives no one can deny, that knows the contents of the last will and testament of my father and Count Claremont. In both these precious instruments, this contemplated marriage is made indispensable to the possession of our several estates; that is to say, if the union is ever consummated, the estates which are contiguous become united; if not, they pass to different and dis-

tant branches of each family. It was only two years before I left England that I was introduced to my future wife."

"And, of course, fell immediately in love with her," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well—yes," replied Gordon, with an air of quiet indifference, painfully contrasting with the subject. "I presume, out of courtesy, you may call it that. In fact, I did love her then, and do now, as well as I can ever love an English woman."

"Ah! the quadroon, the quadroon," said the lieutenant, in an under-tone. "I see now where the trouble is."

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," returned Gordon; "but let that be as it may, I am well assured that I love Angeline Claremont far better than that very amiable and proud young lady loves me. In support of this fact, I need only refer to her treatment of the advances I have made in a friendly way towards her, since we have been passengers together."

"Which has been notoriously cool, I must confess," rejoined our young lieutenant. "I have thought, however, it might have been occasioned by her jealousy of Quillah, the quadroon."

"Not at all," Gordon quickly responded, "not at all. Quillah has sworn never to reveal our former connection; and I have sworn to kill her, upon the

instant the knowledge comes to me that she has ever done so."

The conversation was at this interesting point suddenly ended, by a noise resembling that caused by the simultaneous discharge of a thousand pieces of artillery, and a lurch of the ship from larboard to starboard, which violently dislodged the occupants of the ward-room from their seats, and caused the lieutenant, as he scrambled on deck, to exclaim :

"God save us all! The ship is on her beam-ends!"

It was even so. About a quarter of an hour previous, a light fleecy cloud, not much bigger than a man's hand, had been observed just above the horizon, off the *Diadem's* larboard beam. Gradually its dimensions became extended, so that it attracted the notice of Mr. Marion, the first lieutenant, who, addressing the captain, said :

"I fear, sir, that a white squall is coming upon us. Shall I shorten sail?"

"Shorten your granny!—shorten sail!" responded the rough old captain, who had been on deck but a few moments, and was more than half seas over. "No, sir; wait till you know where the wind is coming from, before you do that."

"The craft on our larboard bow has got wind enough, sir," persisted the first lieutenant; "for his fore-topsail is furled, and he is running under a close-reefed mainsail and jib."

"So he is!" exclaimed the captain, with an oath too horrible to repeat; "brace the yards sharp up. Put your helm hard a-starboard. Pipe all hands to take in sail."

Instantly were these orders repeated, and eagerly did each man fly to his appropriate station; but it was too late. Another moment, and the doomed ship appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of fleecy mist. The squall struck her flat aback, which caused the explosion previously recorded; then the wind suddenly lulled, in a moment more came with redoubled force from an opposite point—threw the ship on her beam-ends—and, in a few moments more, left her an unmanageable wreck upon the waters of the broad Atlantic.

Then a great darkness, equal to that of the blackest midnight, enclosed the *Diadem* in a spectral shroud, and naught but wild confusion reigned within her limits. Some were praying; some were cursing; others groaning with pain, from wounds received from the guns, that had fetched away from their securities; whilst others still were endeavouring to clear away a single cutter and the captain's gig, the only hope of safety that remained. Two figures, robed in white, clutched hard the mizen rigging. These were Angeline Claremont, and Quillah, the West-Indian quadroon.

Suddenly a swift whizzing noise came over the

foaming billows—a white object, like a spectral sail, appeared for an instant close upon the doomed ship's weather bow—and the old boatswain, as he stood against the windlass, muttered :

“There's no hope for us now. The PHANTOM CRUISER has just passed by.”

CHAPTER II.

“From sea to land,
And land to sea, we roam.”

JUST before sunset, on the evening of the 20th of June 1813, a stage-coach stopped in front of a large, old-fashioned tavern-house, located in Plaistow, a country village, situated in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, near the geographical line which divides that State from Massachusetts. The inside of the vehicle just mentioned contained at that time but a single passenger, who, by his dress, was presumed by those standing by when he alighted to be a sailor. Their presumption was correct. The individual in question *was* a sailor, with whose character and adventures the readers of this narrative are destined to become well acquainted. He was a man apparently not more than twenty-five years of age, tall in stature, well proportioned, and, in fact, might have been truthfully termed a strikingly handsome specimen of a genuine Yankee tar. As he stood in front of the house, giving the coachman some directions as to his luggage, the landlady, who had been all the

time watching him from the open window, turned to her husband, and said :

"Heavens and airth, Jerrymiar, if here ain't a *live* sailor, going to stop tew. What shall we dew with him?"

"Dew with him," returned Jeremiah, as he started towards the door, "why, give him what he calls for, charge him what you like, and be sure and get your pay. What was you goin' to dew with him, yew silly goslin'—eat him?"

"He looks almost good enough to eat," simpered a buxom lass of eighteen, who stood looking over the old lady's shoulder.

"Why, Keziah Hartshorn, how you *dew* talk!"

"We'll, I'm sure, aunt Susy, he's a good-lookin' feller, and dressed as neat as if he was goin' tew get married."

"Get married!" repeated the elder woman, quite contemptuously, "that's what yewer ideas is contin'lly runnin' on, Keziah Hartshorn, and nothin' else."

"Kind of natural they should, ain't it, aunt Susy?"

"For nateral fools perhaps 'tis, and I see they're not all dead yet. Neow yew call that feller good-lookin', hey? Just look at him as he stands face tew, talkin' tew Jeremiar. Don't you see his skin's almost black?"

"That's because he's been in hot climates and got sun-browned," replied Keziah.

"Then, just look at his big whiskers," continued aunt Susy; "they air black clean threw."

"Very neat trimmed, though," suggested Keziah.

"See, tew, how 'tarnal queer his treowsirs are cut," proceeded aunt Susy, apparently unmindful of the maiden's interruption, "wide enough at the bottoms of the legs tew eenamost kiver his shoe."

"Sailor fashion, that is," returned Keziah. "What a beautiful blue frock-coat he's got on! See how bright and shiny its buttons are—looks like gold."

"Very brassy gold, though," retorted aunt Susy. "There's his hat, tew—sich a hat—well, I never! Why, the top on't is as flat and black as a scorched Ingin pancake."

"Never mind, aunt, so long as it covers such a head of splendid black curly hair," returned the Yankee maiden.

"Keziah Hartshorn!" indignantly exclaimed aunt Susy, "what dew you mean, to be stannin' up so contin'lly for a wild sailor feller, that yew never saw afore in all the born days of your life? Heow dew yew know but that he's a piritt?"

"If he is, he's a dreadful good-lookin' one, and that's the whole truth on't," repeated Keziah.

"What on airth dew yew suppose eour Seth will say, when he comes to hear about this talk of yewr'n," continued aunt Susy, with the same indignant manner as before.

"Don't know, nor don't care," replied Keziah—as she blushed deeply, and left the room. As she went out, aunt Susy elevated both her hands deprecatingly in the air, and exclaimed :

"Heavens and airth, only hear the gal ! and eour Seth been payin' reg'lar 'tention tew her a whole blessed year ! Never, in all my life, did I see sich going on afore—never."

Jeremiah, as the landlord was familiarly called by his loving spouse, having gone out during the conversation just recorded, to tender the hospitalities of the house to the stranger from abroad, was accosted by that personage as follows :

"The name of this place is Plaistow, I believe?"

"I calculate 'tis, sir, jest about that," was the landlord's curt reply. "I see the coachman has put yewer trunk in the entry; won't yew walk in, sir?"

"By and by," returned the stranger, "I shall probably do so. At present, however, I wish to inquire as to the whereabouts of one James Arlington, who, as I have been previously informed, resides somewhere in this vicinity."

"There's his house over nearly opposite," replied

the landlord, pointing with his finger in the direction thus intimated, "with the large elm-tree standing in front."

"Do you know any thing about him?" was the stranger's next inquiry.

"Nothin'," rejoined the honest landlord, "except that he's a confounded Tory Federalist and friend tew the Britishers."

"He may be all that, and a very good man notwithstanding," said the stranger, as a broad smile spread over his sunburnt but handsome features.

"No, he can't, by a darned sight!" rejoined the landlord quickly. "No man can sarve tew masters, neither can the wind blow from tew corners of the air at once; so James Arlington can't be a good man and a friend tew the Britishers at one and the same time, no how yew can fix it. Any body who likes can tell him that Jeremiah Sanborn says all this, and is ready tew stick tew it till he breathes his last breath and fights his last battle and no sound can awake him up to glory any more!"

"Good!" exclaimed the stranger, giving Mr. Sanborn a hearty thump upon the shoulder; "I am glad to find you in a vein so patriotic. But do you know any thing about a certain young lady that is staying at this gentleman's residence?"

"His niece, dew yew mean?"

"I believe she is some connection of his," re-

plied the stranger, "who came here from Boston about a year ago."

"Well, I guess I *dew* know her," rejoined the landlord, "and so does every body in the village that's had any sickness in their houses since she's been here. She's one of that kind yew oftun read about but seldom see, that goes about dewin' good without money and without price. And she's so bewtiful, tew—well, there, 'taint no use talkin'; but if I was a young man, and she was to smile on me once as she *can* smile, I should wilt right straight down intew nothin', and shouldn't be nowhere. The talk around here is neow, though, that the critter's unhappy—that she's goin' away somewhere tew be married."

"Unhappy!—married—to whom?" exclaimed the stranger, with such a sudden change of countenance and manner as caused the landlord to retreat a pace or two towards his house.

"The Lord only knows who; I don't, I'm sure," answered the astonished innkeeper. "I guess 'taint yew, any hcow, by the way you look. Ah! here comes son Seth; he knows a good deal more about it than I dew, so I'll jest leave yew tew talk tew him, while I go intew the heouse and help the old woman get supper ready."

By this time son Seth, a tall, stout, shock-headed, and somewhat sheepish-looking youth of twenty

summers, approached, and was introduced to the stranger by his worthy sire as follows :

“ Mr.—a—a—well, I swow, I’ve forgot yewer name.”

“ Carlton !” exclaimed the stranger impatiently.

“ Yes, yes ! Well, Mr. Carlton, this is my son Seth, the greatest hand at hoein’ taters and hillin’ corn yew ever have hearn tell on.”

So saying, the landlord entered the tavern, where his wife immediately poured forth upon him a volley of questions as to who the stranger was, where he had come from, where he was going to, and what his business in those parts might be ; to which, when she had concluded, the husband thus replied :

“ Tew tell the trewth, old wifey, I couldn’t get but darned little eout of him—or didn’t, any heow. Never mind, though ; you’ll have it all, for Seth’s got hold of him, and he’ll pump him dry, as sure as preachin’ ”

Meanwhile, the stranger had tried hard to get hold of Seth, by asking him “ If he knew who the young lady residing with Mr. Arlington was going to marry ? ”

“ Can’t say I dew, exactly,” replied Seth ; “ but the story is—I say, ain’t yew a sailor chap, hey ? ”

“ Yes, I am part of a sailor,” returned Carlton, with great impatience of tone and manner.

"By gorry! I thought so the minute I seed yew. Kind of a boss among 'em, ain't ye?"

"Yes, yes; if by that you mean an officer," said Carlton. "But what's the story about Miss Arlington's contemplated marriage?"

"Oh, yers, abeout that yew want tew know, hey? Well, it's kind of whispered reound abeout here in spots that she's got tew marry a feller down tew Boston that she don't want tew hev. I say, yew, are yew whole boss among the sailor chaps, or only part of one—hey?"

"Me!" replied Carlton, with a confusion of manner that showed his thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh! I am nobody—that is, I am commander of the American privateer *Phantom*."

"Hallewyah!—git eout! Yew ain't, though, air yew?"

Not receiving any answer from Carlton, who stood abstractedly gazing towards the house on the opposite side of the street, Seth continued:

"If yew air, I've read about yew in the papers. According' tew what they say abeout yewer out-fightin', out-runnin', and out-divilin' the tarnal Britishers every way, yew're pretty 'cute. I'd like to travel with jest sich a chap. Guess yew'd find me 'cute tew."

Without appearing to give the least heed to the curious remarks of our Yankee friend, Carlton said:

"Lucy Arlington marry against her wishes!"

"Consarn the critter!" muttered Seth inwardly.

"He's crazier than a half-starved bed-bug!"

"She never will, *never can*, NEVER SHALL, so long as the Phantom Cruiser floats, or her commander lives."

CHAPTER III.

“Her colours draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies ;
And her pennant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.”

RETURNING to the wreck of the *Diadem*, as it was left at the close of our first chapter, we find that although the squall, doing such great damage in so little time, has spent its violence, clouds, black and heavy, have usurped its place, darkening the atmosphere so as almost to exclude the light of day from the wretched beings, still hoping as it were against hope, as they prayed and struggled and agonised for life, on board the foundered vessel. Night, too, was coming on, and the terrors of the scene were fearfully augmented by continued peals of heavy thunder and vivid flashes of lurid lightning. Soon it was ascertained that the captain, through whose drunken carelessness the ship had been placed in her present perilous position, was missing, and had probably been washed overboard. It was found, too, that sails had been taken from their bolt-ropes, and two topmasts carried away, and several lives lost, by the first great blow of that

dreadful squall. In the mean time, through the active exertions of the first lieutenant, boatswain, and other officers, the fore- and main-masts had been cut away, and the ship righted. Then it was that Lord William Gordon approached the two females, who were still holding on by the mizen-rigging, and said :

“Ladies, go into the cabin, change your apparel, and prepare to leave the ship.”

“I prefer to retain my present position,” replied the taller of the two females thus addressed.

“And you, Quillah,” resumed Gordon, turning to the other ; “what is your desire ?”

“To remain, at present, with Miss Claremont.”

Pausing a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, Gordon said :

“Were this a proper time to indulge in any overstrained delicacy of sentiment or action, I should trouble you no further ; but as it is not—as even the safety of your precious lives depends upon a strict compliance with the dictates of my better judgment—I must insist upon your getting ready to go in the first boat that is reported to be in order, there to remain under my most careful protection until we reach the land, or are rescued by some other means from death.”

“As death, sir, appears to be inevitable,” replied Miss Claremont, “I choose to meet it here.”

“They are about lowering the boat, my lord,”

interrupted the second lieutenant, "and there is no time to be lost."

"Angeline," resumed Gordon in a loud and peremptory tone of voice, "I insist upon your following my guidance."

"Never, sir, will I do it, whilst the slightest power of resistance is within my grasp."

"For your own safety, then," returned Gordon, "I find myself obliged to use force."

With these words, the young nobleman advanced with extended arms towards Miss Claremont, who still retained a firm hold upon the rigging, as if to enclose her in their grasp; when Quillah stepped between the two, and said :

"Stop, my lord. I will go with you. Let Miss Claremont do as she pleases."

"Get out of my way, you dark-skinned, black-hearted harridan," exclaimed Gordon, "or I'll pitch you head foremost into the sea !"

"I know my skin is dark," responded the quadroon; "but that I am black-hearted I deny, and throw the accusation back into your very teeth."

"Then thus I spurn you and your venom too !" exclaimed Gordon, as with one powerful and well-directed blow with his clenched hand he laid the fair quadroon senseless upon the quarter-deck.

"Monster ! what have you done ?" said Miss

Claremont, as, releasing her hold on the rigging, she turned and boldly faced her persecutor.

"Notbing more, my dear," returned Lord Gordon, "than bare necessity compelled me to do."

"Did necessity, and that alone, compel you to murder the poor girl lying at your feet?"

"'Tis that alone has caused what has been done, and driven me further on," was Gordon's quick reply. "Will you follow me to the ark of safety—I mean the boat?"

"Can you dare ask me, with such evidence of your brutality as that?" said Angeline, as she pointed with trembling fury to the prostrate form of Quillah.

"That evidence shall exist no longer. This cursed quadroom never again shall cross my path; the bottom of the sea shall be her final resting-place."

Maddened and driven to desperation by the terrible scenes through which she had so lately passed, Angeline Claremont, scarcely knowing what she did, clutched in her nervous grasp a large iron bolt that happened to be lying upon the deck near by, with which, as Gordon stooped, with the apparent intention of lifting Quillah in his arms, she struck him with such force as laid him powerless by his victim's side, and then hastily retreated into the cabin.

Thus far the life of this heroic maiden had been

much more eventful than that which has generally been the lot of her devoted sex. She was the daughter of a French count, who, at the commencement of the first Revolution, finding the country uncongenial to his aristocratic title and position, emigrated to England, taking with him his wife, and so much of his vast property as he had been able to convert into money, together with his twin daughters Angeline and Maria, each of them being at that time about four years of age. The latter, whilst playing one evening with her sister on the deck of the vessel that conveyed them across the Channel, accidentally fell overboard, and, after an unavailing search, was given up as lost. This so affected the mother, whose state of health was at that time extremely delicate, as to bring on a sickness which caused her death, about three weeks after the establishment of the family in the city of London.

Being of noble birth, and possessed of elegant manners and a handsome person, the widowed count found no great difficulty in wooing and winning for his second matrimonial partner the only daughter and heiress of an East-Indian nabob, who, being irritable, jealous, and extravagantly fond of show, proved herself totally incapable of acting a mother's part towards the orphan Angeline ; so the fair and sensitive child grew up in the world, comparatively speaking at least, friendless and alone, notwith-

standing that she had all the educational and other advantages that the great wealth of her father could bestow. It was weighed in the balance against a mother's love and found wanting.

Ten years after his second marriage, Count Claremont found himself again a widower, and in possession of a large landed estate (the property of his second wife), contiguous to another and larger one belonging to Lord George Gordon, father to the individual previously introduced to the reader's notice. It naturally happened that these two noblemen, agreeing as they did in politics and religion, became intimate friends ; so it was an easy matter for them to decide upon a final union of their estates by the marriage of their children. As, however, the children had not at that time arrived at a marriageable age, the old folks were obliged to content themselves with simply promising each other that the one great effort of their lives should be directed towards bringing this proposed union to a favourable consummation.

"Perhaps," said Lord George, as they were talking the matter over, "the children may object to this comfortable arrangement of ours when they get old enough to know what it means."

"So far as my daughter is concerned," replied the count, "I can only say, that she never has objected to my slightest wish, and I have no fears that she ever will."

"Possibly, however," said Lord Gordon, "she may fall in love with another."

"All she has to do in that case," returned the count, "is to tumble out again. But I will take excellent care that she does nothing of the kind while I live."

"But suppose you do not?"

"I shall bind her strongly to my wishes by the provisions of my will."

"Claremont, old boy," returned the noble lord, "you're a trump! Give me your hand! I'll serve my son in the same way, although I think there will be little need of it."

And so far as it could be, this affair was thus and then decided.

About four years afterwards, Angeline Claremont, then a beautiful and highly accomplished girl of seventeen, met with an adventure, the effect of which was destined never to be eradicated from her mind. Being out in company with her father one evening on the Thames, the pleasure-yacht in which they happened to be sailing was suddenly capsized, and her father was drowned. She would undoubtedly have shared the same untimely fate, had not the buoyancy of her dress kept her on the surface of the water till it attracted the attention of the mate of an American brig, who happened to be passing in his boat at the time from the opposite side of the river

to the dock in which his vessel was then moored. To lay his boat alongside of the strange object struggling with the waves, was, with our noble sailor, but the work of a moment—in another the exhausted form of Angeline Claremont, upheld by his stalwart arm, rested safely in the stern-sheets of the boat.

As a matter of course, the half-drowned maiden was first taken on board the brig, from whence, after she had sufficiently recovered to tell her preserver where she resided, she was accompanied by him to her home—that home that was now rendered desolate by the loss of her only parent. After the first burst of sorrow occasioned by the loss of her father was over, Angeline expressed the gratitude she felt for her deliverer in the choicest language she could command, and before he departed made him promise soon to visit her again. The promise was gladly given, although but one other occasion was offered for its fulfilment; this was the very next evening. After a short interview he took his final leave, and never afterwards forgot the unparalleled beauty of the noble maiden he had so strangely rescued from a watery grave. Neither did she, distressed as was her situation at the time, forget the tall form, handsome features, and gallant bearing of the brave young sailor, but they remained indelibly impressed upon her memory through all the strange vicissitudes of after years.

A year had elapsed since her father's death, when she was for the first time introduced to her betrothed husband, who was then running through a wild and reckless course of dissipation. The result proved any thing but favourable to the hopes she had previously entertained of future wedded happiness ; but still she did not feel at liberty, on account of what she knew to be her father's will, wholly to reject his offered addresses, although she extracted from him a promise that he would not press the marriage until she returned from a visit to her uncle, then residing upon his plantation near Kingston, on the island of Jamaica. Thither, after she had been absent a single twelvemonth, Gordon followed her, taking up his residence in Port Royal, where he soon fell in with and basely betrayed Quillah, the unfortunate and beautiful quadroon. There he remained until tidings of his father's death rendered his return to England imperative. As the war was then raging between Britain and the United States, he was obliged to take passage with Quillah in the first vessel that offered to go by the way of Halifax. This vessel proved to be the ill-fated *Dialem*, on board of which he accidentally fell in with his intended bride in the way and manner previously related.

Hastening, after the above brief but necessary digression, to resume the main thread of our humble story, we proceed to state, that soon after Angelina

Claremont left the ship's quarter-deck, Gordon, who was only stunned for a moment by the blow received so suddenly from her hands, raised himself to a sitting posture, and exclaimed :

“ Halloa ! where is every body ? ”

“ By the jumping Jupiter, but that's hard telling, sir,” replied the boatswain, who happened to be standing by. “ Some's gone to Davy Jones's locker one way, some another ; and the rest have an exceedingly fair prospect of going after them.”

“ I believe I have been struck,” said Gordon, as he wiped the blood away that still was trickling slowly from his wounded head.

“ Struck—by whom ? ” asked Quillah, who had recovered, and risen up so as to be on a level with her betrayer.

“ Not by you, miss, but by the other lady ; who went into the cabin just as I came aft,” interposed Mr. Willetts.

“ Ah, but you—you stinging serpent ! ” exclaimed Gordon, as he seized Quillah in his iron grasp,—“ you have caused it all ; and having done so, you shall die ! Go ! ”

With this he gave a quick toss with his hands ; then there was a faint shriek—and Quillah, the quadroon, *had* gone over the side of the vessel into the still foaming waters of the dark-blue sea !

CHAPTER IV.

“Schemes of deep villany
Coiled in his bosom were, like poisonous serpents.”

AFTER he had watched the retreating form of Captain Carlton (as he left him in the manner mentioned at the close of our second chapter) until the trees in front of Mr. Arlington's mansion shut it fairly from his sight, Seth Sanborn, or son Seth, as he was by his parents familiarly termed, entered his father's house, and proceeding to the back kitchen, where Keziah Hartshorn was busy cooking supper, addressed that buxom young damsel thus :

“I say, Kezzy, hev yew got any mournin' clothes reddy tew clap on tew yewer handsum carkiss to-morrow or next day—hey?”

“Mourning!” exclaimed Keziah, letting a piece of meat she was going to put into the frying-pan drop into the fire. “What in time do you mean, Seth Sanborn, askin' me if I've got any mournin' to put on at sich a time!”

“That you'll want it. That's jest what I mean.”

“Who for?” inquired Keziah, astonished almost out of her senses.

"The best friend yew've got in the world, Kezzy. Don't yew know who *he* is, hey—what?"

"My best friend ain't a *he*, thank yew," says Kezzy ; "it's a she : it's my ma'am."

"Yewer best *he* friend, then," returned Seth, "if that will dew."

"That's father."

"Next best, then ; who's that?"

"'Tain't no matter," said Keziah, with a deep blush.

"That's me, yew know 'tis, yew 'tarnal critter, yew," snickered Seth.

"May be so—may be not," returned Keziah ; "and more likely not than t'other way. But you aint a goin' tew die, are you?"

"Can't say about that, railly," replied Seth.

"Well, what *air* yew goin' to dew, then?"

"Goin' tew sea."

"See ! see what?" asked Keziah, more astonished than ever.

"Why, the handsum vessels and the warrin' billers, the dredful sharks, and the big whales, and the ryenosserrhosses, and the spotted mackerills, and the 'tarnal Britishers, and the place where they plant sailor chaps—and all creation ginerally."

"Air you growin' foolish, Seth Sanborn, or what ails ye?"

"No, I calkilate I've already grewed in that line," returned Seth.

"So do I," briefly replied Keziah.

"But I am a goin' tew sea, though, Kezzy," continued her admirer; "hope tew die if I ain't."

"Sooner yew go, then, the better," answered Keziah. "Who air yew goin' with?"

"Didn't yew see that ere sailor chap that come in the stage this afternoon?" asked Seth.

"Well, I did," returned Keziah; "and he's the handsomest feller I ever seed in all my life."

"Except me," suggested Seth.

"Except you!" replied Keziah, with a lame attempt to appear contemptuous. "Git out, you 'tarnal fool; yew're homelier than a hedge-fence."

"Yew didn't say so last Sunday night," rejoined Seth, "when yew was a sittin' on my knee, after dad and ma'am had gone tew bed."

"'Twant because I didn't think so, though," returned Keziah. "Have yew asked the sailor to take yew with him tew sea, Seth?"

"Not exactly," responded Seth. "But I told him I'd like tew jine his vessel."

"What did he say tew that?"

"Well, he went intew a *spasm* just then, and started on the keen run across the street."

"Spasm!" repeated Keziah. "What dew yew mean by that, Seth Sanborn?"

"Why, I was tellin' him abeout the Arlington gal over across the road there, abeout heow she had got

tew marry a chap she didn't want tew hev, and then this sailor feller went intew one of the darndest spasms ever yew see. He turned red and white and blew all at once, talked tew himself like a crazy critter, and then started for Mr. Arlington's house on the run, as I told yew before."

"He's in love with Miss Lewcey, that's sartain," said Keziah; "I shouldn't be afraid tew bet a dollar on't with any body."

"Yew Seth, and yew Keziah," exclaimed Mrs. Sanborn from the next room, "come in here and git yewer suppers, and let that stop yewer 'tarnal gabs."

Thus, for a time, ended the talk between our Yankee lovers, who, in prompt obedience to the old lady's summons, went in to supper.

Meanwhile Captain Carlton had crossed the road, and arrived at the front door of the spacious mansion, which, in reply to two or three hard raps, was opened by a tall, vinegar-faced, repulsive-looking woman, who, with a broad Irish accent, spoke as follows:

"What would the like of yees be afther doin' here?"

"I wish to see Miss Arlington."

"If wishes were hourses, then beggars might ride to the divil ef they liked," replied the woman, who stood in the capacity of Arlington's house-keeper; "but you can't see Miss Arlington at all, at all."

"Why not?" impatiently responded Captain Carlton.

"Because the poor crayther's sick, and can't see a sowl, for-by her uncle, who is wid her now."

"My good woman," said Carlton after a slight pause, "can you keep a secret?"

"Faith, an' it's meself, Kate Harrigan, can do that thing, purvided she's well paid for her throuble."

Taking a Spanish doubloon from one pocket, whilst he took a letter from another, Carlton said :

"I wish to have this letter, which is one of great importance, delivered to Miss Arlington without her uncle's knowledge."

"It's meself's the purty lass that can manage the like of that," replied the housekeeper, as she reached forth to take the letter, whilst her small black eyes twinkled with delight at the sight of the money.

Giving her the letter and doubloon at the same time, Carlton said :

"Be sure that you keep the reception of the letter a profound secret from Mr. Arlington. Give it as soon as you can to the young lady ; she will see that it requires an answer, which I shall wait for you to bring to me at the tavern opposite. This business requires haste as well as secrecy, and you will therefore oblige me by doing it with the utmost possible despatch."

"Arrah, thin, it will be meself that will be as

thru as stale" (meaning probably steel) "and as quick as lightnin' in your honor's service," answered Kate Harrigan, as she closed the door and went up the main stairway, whilst Carlton, retracing his steps, returned again to the village inn.

Whilst the conversation just recorded was in progress below, another was going on in a chamber above of a somewhat different style and character, between Mr. Arlington and the beautiful but unfortunate young lady who happened at that time to be under his full guardianship and control. The personal appearance of these two individuals, as they sat conversing together on the occasion just alluded to, was opposite, in the most extreme sense of the term—the one being a cunning, avaricious, heartless, and hard-featured old man; the other a lovely, delicate, high-minded, and sensitive girl. In stature she was somewhat above the medium height, and her form, faultlessly proportioned, was lithe and graceful in its every motion; her countenance, too, which now bore upon its beautiful surface the glaring traces of some latent sorrow, gave forth in each and all of its varied changes the most striking and satisfactory evidence not only of the superior strength of her intellectual abilities, but also of the well-formed goodness of her heart and mind. But the openness of her disposition was scarcely a suitable match for the craftiness of a rich but miserly old

uncle, who had firmly resolved that her future earthly destiny should be unalterably fixed in strict accordance with the sordid wishes and ambitious desires of his hard, corrupt, and unscrupulous heart. The particular direction towards which these wishes and desires tended will appear in the sequel.

It was but a short time previous to the appearance of Carlton at the street-door that Mr. Arlington entered his niece's apartment, and accosted her thus :

"Allow me to inquire, dear Lucy, concerning the state of your health this evening."

"It is pretty much the same as it has been, uncle, since I lost all hope of further happiness in this weary world."

"By so speaking," answered Mr. Arlington, "I presume you mean that you have not yet become reconciled to my will in regard to your marriage with Captain Horton?"

"Your presumption, uncle, is correct. I am not reconciled, nor shall I ever be."

"Still you have consented, after a year's delay, to become his wife!"

"Of that fatal fact, sir," answered Lucy, "I need not now be reminded. And you know, uncle, that when, after days, weeks, and months of bitter persecution, you finally extracted from me this loathsome

promise, you agreed to speak of it no more until the time arrived for its fulfilment."

"All very true, my dear ; but when I notice from day to day the increasing pallor of your lovely countenance, and find you moping moodily about as if you meant to pine away and die on account of some foolish prior attachment, I can't help reminding you that all thoughts even of such an attachment have been and are, by virtue of this consent, placed entirely out of the question."

"It is not so, sir !" exclaimed Lucy, drawing herself proudly up to her full height, and speaking with unwonted energy. "Again and again, I assert, it is not so. Cruelty and avarice and malice combined may indeed be able to chain my hands to one I do not love, may compel me to suffer, even unto death ; but the *thoughts* of my aching heart—so long, God help me, as that heart remains unbroken—are free, and always shall be, as is the mountain air."

"Very heroic and somewhat poetic, Lucy," said Arlington, with a contemptuous sneer ; "but all lost upon me, nevertheless. The plain prose of the matter is, that as you have consented to marry Captain Horton, it is fitting that you should enjoy the pleasure of his company as much as possible ; therefore I wish you to prepare yourself to accompany me to Boston on the day after to-morrow."

Here the Irish housekeeper opened the chamber-

door, and, without entering, said : "Plaze, Misther Arlington, I'd like to spake to yez a little minnit or so."

On hearing this, Mr. Arlington left his niece's apartment, and, followed by the faithless housekeeper, went immediately to his own, and then asked Katy Harrington, "what she had to say."

"Only, plaze yer honor, that I've got a bit of a lettther here for Miss Lucy, bless her sowl !"

"A letter for Miss Lucy !" repeated Arlington, with undisguised astonishment ; "who from ?"

"The Howly Father only knows who it's from," rejoined the housekeeper ; "but a morthal good-lookin' broth of a boy brought it. He gave me the likes of that too" (showing the doubloon) "to give it to Miss Lucy without your knowin' at all, at all ; an' faith I tould him I would, all the time I didn't mane to, because I thought maybe somethin' might be goin' on yer honor'd like to know."

"You did right, Katy, darling," chuckled the cunning old man, "and I will see that you are doubly rewarded."

"Many thanks and long life to your honour for that same," replied Katy, who thereupon shuffled herself out of the room. Then Arlington opened the letter she had brought him, and read as follows :

"Boston, June 15, 1813.

"DEAR MISS LUCY,—I have heard of all your

troubles, but not being much of a writer, I cannot here enlarge upon them. The object of this letter is to request you to place yourself, without loss of time, under the bearer's protection, and he will bring you safely to your sincere friend,

“THE PILOT OF THE GULF.”

“And who the d—l, I wonder, is the Pilot of the Gulf?” said Arlington, as he sat deeply musing over the mysterious contents of the note. “I’ll call Katy, and find out where the bearer is. But stop—let me see—by so doing, I may betray myself. I’ll have a carriage got in readiness immediately, and when it is late enough to work unperceived, I’ll take Lucy, peaceably if I can, forcibly if I can’t help it, and she *will* go to Boston with the bearer of—present, at least—this letter, and be carried to her sincere and *loving* friend, Captain Mark Horton.”

Calling into his councils, as a matter of necessity, two men-servants and the housekeeper, who formed the entire domestic retinue of his establishment, Mr. Arlington soon perfected such arrangements as were necessary for the purpose of carrying out his benevolent intentions, and then sought Lucy’s apartment, in order to set her about preparing for the journey he had determined she should undertake. Finding, as he entered her apartment, that she remained in nearly the same position as before

he left, her crafty persecutor spoke to her as follows :

“Circumstances, my dear niece, with which I have but just been made acquainted, make it imperatively necessary for me to start for Boston as soon as possible. In two hours’ time every thing will be in readiness, and you must be prepared to accompany me.”

“To-night, uncle?”

“Ay, my dear, to-night.”

“Can I not be allowed quietly to remain here during your absence?”

“That is impossible.”

“Why, uncle?”

“At present,” replied the crafty and hypocritical old man, “I have not time to enter into explanations. Suffice it to say, that I am going from this place to-night, and, ready or not ready, when the time comes you must and *shall* go with me.”

“Must and shall,” said Lucy, as her uncle turned and left the chamber, “go to-night! My poor brain appears to be bewildered. I cannot comprehend the meaning of all this. Something that concerns me must be at the bottom of this sudden movement, or I should be allowed to stay behind. What is it? What can it be? Ah, me! I cannot think.”

After a short period spent in deep and silent

meditation, the persecuted maiden thus continued :
“ To this cruel *surveillance* on my uncle’s part I will submit no longer. I have a presentiment that this intended journey bodes me no good. Where is Carlton, and where is my earlier friend, the Pilot of the Gulf ? They are not near ; they know not my distress. Here I must stay no longer. I will fly, no matter where ; but away from this house and its associations I must surely go.”

After making up a small bundle, composed of necessary articles of dress and a few other valuables, this lovely, unfortunate, and distressed young lady crept stealthily down the back-stairs, and opening the door went out into the murky darkness of the night, actuated only by the great idea of escaping from her cruel uncle’s stern and unrelenting persecution.

CHAPTER V.

“ It was a quiet scene,
That soothed the troubled mind, and left it all serene.”

CAPTAIN CARLTON, after leaving Arlington's house, as previously intimated, returned again to the village tavern, and joined the innkeeper's family at the tea-table, where, notwithstanding the impatient anxiety he felt about getting a speedy answer to this letter, he could not help being highly amused at the homespun manner and quaint peculiarities of the honest country people with whom, for the time being, he happened to be a highly honoured guest. The fact soon became quite evident, too, that, being a sailor, whose advent in that retired spot was as unexpected and uncertain as that of a comet or any other eccentric apparition, his talk and actions, and dress even, were as peculiar, if not more so, to them than was theirs to him. And as it was a quiet scene compared with those he had of late been used to, his agitated mind soon became soothed by its enjoyment, so that, in answer to the pressing invitations he received from each one seated at the frugal board, he was soon enabled to make himself at home.

Although their son Seth was nearly bursting with impatience to ask the stranger about going to sea in his employ, he dutifully refrained until his mother brought the subject forward by saying :

“ My son Seth tells me, sir, that yew air captin’ of a wessle.”

“ It is true,” answered Carlton, “ that such is my present position.”

“ Werry dangerus, ain’t it ?” inquired the land-lady.

“ Oh, not at all,” returned the captain carelessly. “ I feel just as safe at sea as on shore, believing, as I firmly do, that the same protecting Providence exists every where.”

“ The reason I axed,” apologetically resumed the old lady, “ was on account of our son Seth. He’s been bewitched tew go tew sea ever sence the war broke out.”

“ I should think,” observed Carlton, “ your son would make an excellent sailor.”

“ Shew, git out ; yew don’t say so, though !” exclaimed Seth, as he reached his hand across the table for the captain to shake it. In doing so, however, he unfortunately upset a cup of hot tea into Keziah’s lap, whereupon that young lady rose suddenly from her seat, uttered a cry of pain incontinently, and very soundly boxed his ears, and left the room.

"Neow I guess yew've done it, Seth," remarked the landlord; "and I guess, tew, that as far as havin Kezzy is consarned, yew can hang yewre fiddle chock up to the ceilin'. Only think, cap'n, of a feller's paying attenshun tew a gal and treatin' on her in that cewrius kind of a way. I've heern tell of hot luv afore now, but never of any so darnation hot as to scald a woman cout of her supper."

"I suppose I may understand by what you have just said," observed Carlton, "that your son is engaged to the very good-looking young lady who has been unfortunately obliged to leave her seat."

"Here he is, where he can answer for hisself," resumed the landlord.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," interposed Seth, "by bein' engaged; but I've sot up with Keziar a good many nights, and courted her the most distressingest kind. I axed her tew if she'd have me for better or wuss. She larfed, and said she guessed it would be all wuss; but she'd run the risk on't, any how. If that's what yew call being engaged, I'm there to a dead sartinty."

"No, you ain't, though!" exclaimed Keziah, who had reëntered the room quite time enough to hear the latter part of her lover's speech, "yew confounded awkward, tumble-down old *heffer*, yew!"

At this Seth burst out into what was meant for

a laugh, but which sounded more like the neighing of a horse; and, after it had subsided, said :

“Only hear that ere,—callin’ me a ‘heffer’! Well there, when a female gal gits rite deown mad, she’ll say any thing but her prayers, sartin.”

“Never mind, Kezzy; set deown and finish yewer tea,” said the sympathising landlady; “Seth didn’t dew it a purpose, dear.”

Promptly accepting Mrs. Sanborn’s invitation, Keziah said, “I boxed his ears a purpose, though.”

“I rayther calcewlate yew did all that,” returned Seth; “and I don’t believe I shall git the ring fairly eout on ’em till I’ve been a woyage to sea. I say, cap’n” (speaking to Carlton), “don’t yew want tew hire?”

“If you wish to try a cruise with me in the *Phantom*, I will certainly try to make room for you,” answered the captain; “that is, provided your parents and your intended here are willing you should go.”

“Seth’s his own man,” replied the landlord, “and can dew jest as he pleases. I don’t know nothin’ about the sea myself, only what I’ve heerd; and if that’s trew, and Seth goes, I think he’s a ’tarnal fool, that’s all.”

“So dew I,” remarked Mrs. Sanborn; “but then his mind is sot upon goin’, and ’taint no use tryin’ tew cross him. What dew yew think, cuzzan Keziah?”

"He may do as he likes, for all *I* care," was the brief reply.

"You don't mean so, Kezzy," coaxingly observed Seth; "neow, I know you don't."

"It's none of your business whether I do or not," responded Kezzy, in as short a manner as before.

"She ain't got over that *scald* yew give her yet, Seth," interposed the landlord, "so I wouldn't say any more tew her neow, any heow."

"It's only casting pearls afore pigs," replied Seth, "so I guess I won't."

"Do yew mean to say I'm pigs, Seth Sanborn?" indignantly inquired Keziah.

"I don't see why I shouldn't, seein's yew called me a heffer," replied Seth.

"Both on yew shet up yewer gabs, neow," interposed the landlord; "yew've jawed enough."

Carlton thought so too, and, addressing himself to Seth, he said :

"If you wish to go to sea with me, you must be ready to start at a moment's warning."

"Yew ain't a goin' tew-night though, are yew?" inquired the landlady.

"That," replied Carlton, "depends almost entirely upon the answer I am every moment expecting from a letter left at Mr. Arlington's, and whether I can buy, beg, or hire a conveyance from hence to Salem or Boston."

The family having by this time finished their evening repast, rose from the table, and dispersed in different directions. Keziah and the landlady, after clearing away the tea-things, went into the kitchen, whilst Seth went up-stairs to pack his trunk, leaving Carlton and the landlord together in the bar-room, which fronted the road, and was the principal apartment in the lower portion of the house. As more than two long hours had now elapsed since the captain had left the house of Mr. Arlington, and the housekeeper had not appeared with the expected answer to his letter, he naturally became impatient of delay, and eager to catch the sound of approaching footsteps from outside the tavern entrance. And he did catch the sound of many, but not of those he so much wished to hear. Finally, as his suspense became almost unbearable, he went into the road for the purpose of reconnoitring, leaving word with Mr. Sanborn that he should soon return.

A few moments afterwards, the honest landlord was surprised by another strange arrival in the person of a short, stout, muscular-looking individual, who, as he rushed unceremoniously into the bar-room, in a stentorian voice exclaimed :

“Landlord, ahoy !”

“Sir, to yew,” replied the landlord, with an awkward bow.

“There’s a horse and carryall hove to just outside your old hulk here, and I want you to send a hand out to strip the horse to a buntline, and put the carryall into the dry dock. According to the looks of the clouds, I think there’s a squall coming up.”

“Excuse me, sir,” replied the bewildered landlord, “but I’ll be darned if I can tell what yew’ve jest been sayin’, any heow ”

“Ah, I forgot,” continued the stranger, as he divested himself of a pea-jacket he happened to have on, “that you country-folks don’t understand salt-water language. I’ve got so used to it myself, though, I can hardly talk any thing else. In plain English, then, I have horse and carryall outside, which I want put up.”

Seth, having finished packing his trunk, and come down-stairs about the time the stranger first appeared, was immediately sent by his father to perform the task of taking care of the traveller’s horse and carriage. As he did so, he gave utterance to his thoughts in the following words :

“Somethin’ strange is goin’ tew happen, sartin. Here’s another sailor come tew teown. I expect tew see a ship here next. This chap ain’t so good-lookin’ as tuther one, though ; ain’t so young nyther by more’n half. Maybe it’s the cap’n’s father. Wonder if the whole family’s sailor-folks. Shouldn’t be surprised

if they was, grandsir, granmarm, and all ; shouldn't, by thunder."

Just then it *did* thunder—pretty heavy, too ; so Seth hastened to take care of the stranger's team without any further audible remarks.

Meanwhile, our newly arrived traveller having stepped up to the bar, as was the fashion of those primitive days, and called for a glass of brandy-and-water, inquired of the landlord if a person calling himself Captain Carlton had arrived there during the day ; and receiving an affirmative answer, continued :

"Where is he at present ?"

"Can't say, really," answered the landlord. "He's been waitin' reound here for an answer tew some letter or other that he left over tew Squiere Arlin'tun's this arternoon."

"Why, won't you try and hunt him up ?" resumed the stranger. "If you will do so, I will pay you handsomely."

"I'll dew the best I can abeout it, any how," replied Sanborn, preparing to go out. "Who shall I say wants tew see him ?"

"HERNANDEZ, THE PILOT OF THE GULF," was the brief response.

With this information, the landlord departed on his errand, leaving his wife behind the bar, and the stranger leisurely sipping his brandy-and-water.

In the mean time, Keziah Hartshorn having

closed up the kitchen and ascertained that Seth was in the barn, visited that establishment forthwith, and, finding her lover there, thus accosted him :

“ O Seth, yew ain’t a-goin’ off tew sea, are yew ?”

“ Wall, I am, Kezzy,” answered Seth, “ jest as true as unyins.”

“ Yew won’t let the sharks and whales and water-snakes and what-dew-yew-callums eat yew up, will yew, Seth ?” said the honest-hearted Yankee girl, as the tears started forth from beneath her eyelids.

“ Not by a darned sight, if I can help it,” replied Seth. “ But now raily, Kezzy, ain’t yew sorry I’m goin’ ?”

“ Sorry ! I guess I are,” repeated poor Keziah, “ and cenamost ready to cry my eyes eout.”

“ Don’t dew that, Kezzy, because yew know that limeby I’m comin’ back agin, with a theousan’ dollars clean cash, and then I’ll buy the biggist farm in Plaistow, and then we’ll git married, and then—I—I can’t immadgine, I swow I can’t, what we *shall* dew.”

“ Live dreadful happy for ever and ever,” sobbed Keziah.

“ That’s it, by jingoes !” answered Seth ; “ that’s jest what we’ll dew. Come, Kezzy, dry your luvly eyes, and let’s walk arm-in-arm tewgether intew the

leouse. That'll kinder seem, yew kneow, Kezzy, as though we was steppin' up tew the minister's tew git married, like a couple of chickens steppin' up to a doe-dish."

Although Keziah hardly understood the application of the latter portion of her lover's curious speech, she gladly consented to the first part; and taking Seth's proffered arm, they both marched into the bar-room together, reaching it at the same time that the landlord, followed by the object of his search, returned thither.

"Ah, Carlton, my boy!" exclaimed Hernandez, as the former appeared in his presence, "what success?"

"None at all," replied the captain. "I fear we have been basely betrayed."

"How?" inquired the Pilot of the Gulf.

In answer to this, Carlton gave his companion a brief account of the manner in which he had delivered the Pilot's letter, and concluded by saying he feared it had got into the wrong hands.

"I fear so too, and, in fact, feel very sure of it," replied Hernandez; "and there appears to be but one course for us to pursue. We must go over to the house, demand the girl's release, and if it is resisted, take her forcibly away."

"I say amen to that," returned Carlton; "and as we may need some further assistance, I will charter

this young lad" (pointing to Seth), "whom I have agreed to take on board the *Phantom*, to accompany us."

"I'm jest the feller that's ready," responded Seth, "tewdew any thing, knock deown any body, or go any where yew please. I've made all up with cuzzan Keziar, and feel jest as brave as a liern."

"Who did you leave in charge of our vessel?" asked Carlton of the Pilot.

"The new sailing-master we shipped the other day."

On hearing this reply, Carlton shook his head doubtfully, but said no more. After a few moments' silent consideration, Hernandez, addressing Carlton, said :

"I think, captain, we had better, in the first place, send this new sailor of yours over to Arlington's with instructions to see Lucy, at all events, and get her to come here. In the mean time, I will have a fresh horse I have bargained for with the landlord put into my carryall, which is big enough to hold our whole party, and have it all in readiness to take us on board."

"Your idea, Hernandez, is capital. Our young friend here can do the business, perhaps, without being suspected; and Lucy once here, the rest is easily arranged."

Taking Seth aside, Carlton briefly explained

what he was expected to do, to which Seth thus replied :

“ Cap’n, I’m yewer humble sarvant tew command. I’ll go rite strait over there, and if the girl’s tew be feound, I’ll find her ; and if that darned old Torree uncle of hern wants wallop’in’, I’ll wallop him within an inch and a harf of his nateral life. I will, by gravee !”

With these words, Seth departed on his mission.

CHAPTER VI.

“Where she rightly looked for shelter,
Not a vestige could she find.”

WITH all possible despatch, Seth Sanborn crossed the road to Mr. Arlington's house, and gave a tremendous rap at the front door, which was directly opened by Katy Harrigan, who, on opening it, said :

“What do yez want here at this time of night?”

“Not yew, by a darned sight,” replied Seth ; “I want to see the squire.”

“What do you want of me, Seth?” inquired Arlington, who knew our honest Yankee very well, and who had followed the housekeeper to the door.

“Well, squire, cuzzan Keziah has jest been taken sick—gone inter a fit or somethin' of that sort—and I warnt yew tew ax Miss Lewey tew come right over tew eour house, and nuss her up a little.”

“Ah, yes, yes,” after a few moments' hesitation, replied Mr. Arlington. “Miss Lucy?—yes, yes, I'll attend to her—that is, I'll ask her to go over immediately. But come in, Seth ; I wish to talk with you.”

"I can't come in, squire, no heow yew can fix it. Thank yew for the invitation, though, just the same. Neow, if yew'll jest be so kind and condescendin' as tew speak tew Miss Lewey right away, I'll stop here till she comes, and then go over with her."

Finding Seth was determined not to enter the house, Arlington said :

"I just happen to remember, Seth, that Lucy went out the first of the evening, and has not since returned. Had some strange arrivals at your house to-day, haven't you, Seth ?"

"Couldn't say, squire, raily. Folks has been comin' and goin' same as they ginerally dew ; and that puts me in mind I must be goin' tew. Kinder cewrius, though, that Miss Lewey should go out and stay so late sich a darned showery night as this is."

"Women themselves being very curious articles, it is not at all astonishing that they do very curious things. Good night, Seth, if you won't come in."

So saying, Arlington unceremoniously closed the door, while Seth made the best of his way back to the tavern, where he found both Hernandez and Captain Carlton eagerly awaiting his presence. After hearing his report of the interview just had with Arlington, Carlton said :

"Do you think that miserly old scoundrel told the truth in saying Lucy had left the house ?"

"I kinder calcewlate he did," responded Seth, "not because he meant tew ; if he had, he wouldn't have forgòt in the fust place ; but he done it kinder axidentally like."

"If this were so, the next question is, where has she gone ?"

"Then there is another," interposed Hernandez, "which is of about as much importance, and that is, *why* should she have gone away from home on such a night as this ?"

"That's what puzzles me most confeoundedly," said Seth. "I think, though, if she's raily gone, she must have been drove eout."

"I think so too," observed Carlton.

"Then we are as far as ever from the attainment of our present object," remarked the Pilot of the Gulf.

"True enough," responded Carlton. "Under present circumstances, then, what is to be done ? The *Phantom* must sail to-morrow."

"That is certain," replied Hernandez ; "and she will be obliged to go without myself and Lucy Arlington."

"Perhaps she has already gone," suggested Carlton.

"What, the schooner ?"

"Ay, the schooner."

"How ?"

"I have thought it not impossible," returned

Carlton, "that our new sailing-master might have taken a trip, during our absence, for his own particular benefit and that of the British commander at present on the Boston station."

"I must say," replied Hernandez, "that I think it quite impossible for our new sailing-master to have done any such thing. What is your reason for suspecting him?"

"Perhaps I cannot give any particular reason," said Carlton in reply; "and yet there is something mysterious about him—something that appears to me to be not altogether right."

"He talks fair enough, and appears to be a good sailor."

"That is true; and perhaps the vague suspicions I have just expressed are unfounded, and consequently unjust," returned Carlton; "therefore let us turn the subject, and try to ascertain the best course, under present circumstances, next to pursue."

"Something like this," returned Hernandez. "The *Phantom*, as you say, must leave port to-morrow, in order to avoid being completely hemmed in by British cruisers. That is one fact settled. She cannot go to sea without her captain, and that's another. Therefore, the next thing is for her commander to get on board with the quickest possible despatch. So, if you please, Carlton, you can take my carryall and the new hand you have spoken

about, and start forthwith, leaving me here to look after the further interests of Lucy Arlington as I may find opportunity."

"What say, Seth,—are you all ready to go?" inquired Carlton of his Yankee companion.

"All but puttin' my trunk intew the team," responded Seth. "But I say, cap'n, abeout heow much are yew goin' tew pay a feller, hey?"

"The amount of pay," smilingly replied Carlton, "depends almost entirely on the amount of prize-money that may be due to you, or may fall to your share at the expiration of a cruise. When we go privateering, it is after what we can get away from the enemy in the shape of vessels, cargoes, and so forth, which is sold after our return, and the product divided among the hands, according to their various stations, and the bravery with which they conduct themselves in such actions as may happen to occur."

"That's the talk—I understand, cap'n—that's the ticket for soup—cargoes and prizes—and money, and all that sort of articles—them's the apples tew dry—those are the veggittables tew keep in the sullen, darn'd tew lightnin' if they ain't. Hur-ray!"

Seth's very enthusiastic but very disjointed reply was suddenly cut short by the old inn-keeper's saying, in a tone of voice from conciliatory :

"If yew can't talk better than that air, Seth Sauborn, yew'd better go to school and larn heow. If you only jest know'd the particyewlar side yewer bread was buttered on, yewed keep working on the old farm for so much a month and yewer board, yew 'tarnal green infernal goslin, yew."

"Oh, don't talk so hard tew poor Seth, and he jest goin' off on the orful great big waters, please don't, now, father," interposed the landlady, as the honest tear-drops of her mother's love chased each other down her cheeks, "because there's no tellin' but what he may come home a great cap'n or major or insign, or sumthin' of that sort, and so raise the family name chock up to the highest notch. Yew can't always tell, yew know."

"There, there, marm," impatiently exclaimed son Seth, "don't, for mighty sake, go tew blubberin' any more; if yew dew, I shall tear every spear of hair eout of my confounded head, and go crazy rite strait off the reel. Ain't I always wanted tew go to sea sence I've been knee-high tew a corn-stalk, and ain't I larned considerable more than a few seasons reound about in the shewmaker's shops, hey? Here's one of the varses of the last one,—only hear it, neow;" and in a stentorian voice Seth roared out:

"Three times reound went eour gallant ship,

And three times reound went she—

Three times reonnd went eour gallant ship,

Till she sunk to the bottom of the water-ree."

“There, marm, heow’s that in yer eye and Betty Martin, hey?”

Poor Keziah Hartshorn, who had, during the intervening time, stood tearfully by, now thought it her turn to speak, which she did as follows :

“I say, Sethy dear, yew ain’t a goin’ off tew sea though, for sartin, air yew?”

“If there’s a wessel aflote big enuff to carry me, Kezzy, I calcewlate I am. Who in thunder dew yew ’spose wants to be stuck deown here a hoein taters, when there’s Britishers tew be licked, and cargoes tew be got, and money tew be made, and glory of any amount tew be won—hey, what? Not Seth Sanborn, by a darn’d sight!”

“Yes, but only think, Sethy dear,” continued Keziah, “what a dredful thing it will be if yew happen tew git shot threw the gizzard with a big gun, or git ett up by some of them air great sea what-dew-yew-callums, or fall off of one of the big sticks that air stuck up in the wessels, and git drowndid; only think on’t, Sethy dear.”

“I calcewlate, Kezzy dear,” returned Seth, “that I sha’n’t think of nothin’ of the kind, because it won’t pay. Neow, jist for the notion on’t, I want *yew* tew think heow orfully dredful it will be for me tew hear arter I’ve been gone a spell, that yew have gone and got marrid tew ’Siah Jinkins. Only think, Kezzy dear!”

Keziah declared, however, that "she never had, could, would, or should think of any sich thing." Then Seth said "he wouldn't nyther;" and then there was an honest, loving leave-taking all round, and speedy preparations made for the departure of those who were going away, when another new arrival delayed matters in the way and manner presently to be set forth.

It was a female who had thus arrived. Her dress was dripping wet, and her appearance wild and haggard. Immediately on entering the public room of the tavern, she threw her bonnet back from her head, and, to the utter astonishment of all there present, disclosed the beautiful but now pallid countenance of Lucy Arlington.

She recognised no one at first, but, seemingly overwhelmed with an agony of frightened grief, exclaimed :

"In Heaven's name, good people, a wretched outcast implores from you a temporary shelter."

"Speak, Miss Arlington," exclaimed Carlton, "and let us know who it is has driven you out into the storm and darkness of the night."

"She need not speak of that," interposed Hernandez, "at least for my satisfaction. 'Tis the villain opposite, pretending to be this poor girl's uncle and guardian, who has done it all, and for it he shall

answer as be he may be able to another outcast, even me, the Pilot of the Gulf!"

"Which he is quite ready to do now," exclaimed Arlington himself, who, amid the general confusion, had entered the room unperceived a moment before, and now stood confronting Hernandez with a pistol pointed to the latter's head. Before, however, he had a chance to fire or even utter another word, Seth Sanborn, coming up in the rear, dealt him a tremendous blow, that knocked the murderous weapon from his hand, and laid him quivering at his victim's feet. Then Lucy, who had stood gazing from one individual of this strangely congregated group to another, like one distracted with terror, stepping instinctively towards the pilot, exclaimed :

"Fly—fly—fly, all of you, for your lives."

"And you!" said Carlton, "you shall go with us."

"Here's murder, abduction, piracy, and all kinds of crime being committed before me, a justice of the peace and quorum," shouted Arlington, as he struggled to rise from the floor.

"Keep deown, yew 'tarnal varmint, yew," replied Seth, as he deliberately seated himself upon the body of the prostrate justice, "or I'll give you another sweetener, that'll keep the vittles eout of yewer stummick for a fortnit."

Meantime Lucy, in reply to Carlton, said :

“I fain would fly with you ; but, ah, me ! my strength is insufficient, and—”

Her strength here failed her altogether, and she sank swooning into Carlton’s arms.

CHAPTER VII.

“He was every inch a sailor,
Bold, generous, and true,
And loved with all his might and main,
As sailors always do.”

AFTER delivering his fair burden to the more appropriate keeping of Mrs. Sanborn and Keziah, with directions that means be taken forthwith for her recovery, Carlton held a hurried consultation with the pilot, during which it was decided that as soon as Lucy had fairly revived from the faintness that had for the moment seized and overpowered her, she should be placed in the carryall, then ready and in waiting, and that the whole party, consisting besides of the two sailors and honest Seth, should immediately proceed upon their intended journey.

“But what in thunder’s to be done with this ’ere confounded wagabone that I’m a settin’ on?” inquired Seth, as he became aware of the conclusion just arrived at.

“Let me up, if you please, gentlemen, and I will go about my business,” said Arlington.

“Yew will, hey?” returned Seth, who still retained the same position. “Heow darnation perlite

yew air when yew can't help it, ain't yer? Yew won't pint any more pistols at any more heads, will yer?"

"He won't fire this one, at all events," interposed the pilot, alluding to Arlington's weapon, which he had taken from the floor soon after it had been dropped there by its owner, "for I shall keep it in memory of the excellent intentions of a justice of the peace and quorum."

"I think," said Carlton, speaking to Seth, "you can safely now release your prisoner."

"So dew I, and darn'd glad tew git rid of the 'tarnal varmint, tew boot," replied Seth, as he stood upright, and Arlington immediately followed his example.

Mrs. Sanborn and Keziah having in the mean time conveyed Lucy to another apartment, now returned and reported their fair charge as fully recovered, and prepared to leave the premises.

"In company with me, I presume?" said Arlington.

"I presume, sir," pointedly replied the pilot, "you are widely mistaken."

"Do you really mean, then, to abduct my niece?"

"Here she is," returned Hernandez, as Lucy at that moment entered the room, "where she can choose for herself."

"Which the state of her health will not, I fear, permit her rightly to do," was Arlington's reply.

"What is your choice?" inquired the pilot of Lucy Arlington.

"To go with you."

"That settles the matter conclusively," replied the pilot. "Captain Carlton, I will trouble you to assist this young lady into our carriage."

Smiling, as though the task thus imposed upon him was, instead of being troublesome, rather pleasant, Carlton hastened to execute it by conducting Lucy to the vehicle which had been some time in waiting, where for the time he left her in the care of Seth Sanborn, and returned to the house, where he addressed his companion as follows :

"All aboard, Hernandez, and waiting for a pilot."

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Arlington, as our two sailors made a movement towards the door, "and take with you an old man's bitter curse—"

"Which, considerin' where it comes from," observed the landlord, "I'd a darn'd sight rayther have than his blessin' "

"And remember," continued Arlington, "that I have a horse as fleet as yours, and I will pursue you even unto the death." So saying, he abruptly left the inn.

"Come, Carlton," said Hernandez, "it is time for

us to be off. I have not the least doubt but that old villain will be close up to his word."

"If there's any mischief in the world he can dew yet, that confounded critter'll dew it jest as sure as sleepin'," remarked the landlord.

"I hardly think the worst he can do will harm us much," replied Carlton, who, changing the subject, continued: "Now, Mr. Sanborn, if you and your good lady and the young lady have any parting words to say to our new sailor lad, this is your opportunity."

These words were followed by a general rush to the front door, from whence, as Carlton and his companion entered the carriage, a chorus of voices, eloquent with honest emotion, greeted their ears with a weeping farewell, the sad echoing of which grew faint, and then fainter still, until the carryall and its occupants were entirely beyond hearing.

Feeling quite sure that Arlington would pursue them with all possible despatch, and that in so doing he would take the direct and upper route to Boston, Hernandez, who had taken it upon himself to be pilot on shore as well as at sea, took the lower route, by way of Haverhill and Salem, driving as fast as he could every mile of the way. The night being dark and rainy, and our travellers greatly fatigued, all, with the exception of the pilot, composed themselves to such precarious and broken rest as the

jolting of their vehicle permitted them to get, and pursued their journey in comparative silence. As the noble steed, covered with foaming sweat, bears our precious freight swiftly on towards its destined haven, we deem it expedient to occupy the intervening time in giving our indulgent readers a brief account of Carlton's early history, and his connection to the present time of our story with Lucy Arlington.

According, then, to our hero's earliest recollection, which could only with certainty be said to reach back to the fourth or fifth year of his age, he found himself without parents (they both having died, as was said, during his infancy), domiciliated at the house of an indigent aunt, who at that time kept a small shop and boarding-house for seamen in the city of Boston. As a boy, young Carlton was distinguished by a peculiarly active and daring temperament, a bountiful generosity of disposition, and an aptitude for learning, of which, during the little time he was able to attend school, he took the utmost possible advantage, so that when he finally, at the early age of fourteen, left his studies, he found himself pretty thoroughly versed in all the branches of a common English education. Then, as a matter of stern necessity, Carlton was obliged to make choice of some means whereby he might be able in future to support himself, and perhaps his aunt also,

who had faithfully devoted to his boyhood all the spare time she could borrow or steal from the necessary duties of her busy and arduous vocation.

Fortunately it happened that the very choice of our young hero's heart was quite within his grasp. Ever since he could remember, the sea, as an ultimate profession, had been uppermost in all his thoughts and home associations. By its daring and weather-beaten sons he was surrounded almost continually. Stories of its wild and stormy perils were to him as household words. Vivid dreams of its grandeur and high sublimity were ever present in his hours of sleep, and finally usurped his thoughts and actions when awake. Therefore, being old enough, he promptly chose to spend his active days upon its broad and ever-waving, ever-rolling surface.

He first commenced his nautical career as cabin-boy on board a ship trading to the East Indies. Even in this subordinate capacity he soon became noted, not only for the remarkable activity of his motions, but for the great attention he bestowed upon the minutest details of his chosen occupation. After sailing one voyage in the capacity just mentioned, he went next as able seaman ; and four years from the time he first started was chief mate of the brig to which he belonged, when Angeline Claremont was rescued by his exertions from a watery grave.

At that time Carlton was in the full flush of youthful manhood, and therefore peculiarly susceptible to the fascinating beauty of the girl he had thus opportunely saved from death ; so the reader will not be surprised to learn that her beautiful image haunted his ardent imagination, almost to the exclusion of every thing else, until he fell in with her exact counterpart in the person of Miss Lucy Arlington, with whom he first became acquainted about two years after his singular adventure with the supposed English maiden on the river Thames. Carlton's first interview with Lucy took place at the house then occupied by Hernandez, which was situated on the romantic and sea-girt peninsula of Nahant, that has since become famous as one of the best watering-places on the Atlantic coast.

We have said that she was the exact counterpart of Angeline Claremont ; and, in fact, the resemblance was so striking as to lead our hero into the awkward mistake of calling the former, on the occasion of his first introduction, by the latter's name. Soon, however, Carlton learnt there was at least a vast difference of space between the two ; and, fearing he should never more fall in with Angeline, he quite naturally transferred his strong affections to this her nearly exact resemblance. He was not long in learning, too, that Lucy's visits to the pilot's house were con-

fined to one or two only of the hottest weeks in each summer season; that her uncle, with whom she generally resided in the country, would never allow her to think of marrying without his consent; and that consequently he stood but a slim chance of ever gaining Miss Arlington's hand, however successful he might be in winning to himself the pure affections of her heart.

Notwithstanding his certain knowledge of the facts just mentioned, Carlton, with all the characteristic boldness of his manly nature, pressed his suit, and, in the course of some half-dozen brief interviews, had the sweet satisfaction of knowing also that Lucy's heart was all his own.

Then war between America and England broke out, and Carlton was kept busily employed at sea, where, as a bold and dashing privateersman, he soon became a terror to the enemy; whilst Lucy, under one pretext or another, was kept a prisoner in her uncle's house, from which she finally escaped, as previously related.

Going back again, after this brief but necessary digression, to the point from whence we started, we follow our benighted travellers, first to Haverhill, where they stop to change horses, and from thence to Salem, where they arrive just before sunrise the succeeding morning. Here it was deemed expedient that the captain and Miss Arlington and Seth San-

born should remain, whilst Hernandez posted on to Boston for the purpose of bringing the *Phantom* round to Salem, where, according to previous arrangement, she was to take on board some military stores, and thence proceed immediately upon her intended cruise along the coast.

In accordance with this determination, our whole party soon alighted at the house of a merchant, in whose employ both Carlton and the pilot had often sailed, where they remained till after breakfast, when Hernandez proceeded directly to Boston, and the captain and Seth went to take a look at the shipping, leaving Lucy, who was still in feeble health and greatly fatigued, to the hospitable entertainment of the merchant's mansion.

Taking his companion directly to a wharf in the lower part of the town, Carlton soon pointed out to his wondering gaze a beautifully modelled privateer schooner, called the *Lapwing*, which was just ready to sail on a cruise for prizes, and asked him "what he thought of her."

"*Her!*" exclaimed Seth, with the greatest possible amazement of tone and manner; "yew don't call that air thing bobbin' up and down in the water there, like a crow in a thunder-storm, a *her*, do yer?"

"Such is the general designation of all vessels," replied Carlton.

"Sho! yew don't say; 'taint so, though, is it raily, captain? Wall, if this," pointing to the schooner, "is a *her*, I suppose that darn'd great wessel deown tew the end of the worf, as yew call it, is a *he*, ain't it?"

"They bear the same name in general," said Carlton; "but in particular, one is a ship, the large one, and the other a schooner."

"That is tew say, that they're jest the same thing, only different."

"Just as you please," returned the captain, laughing. "Come aboard of the schooner, and I'll show you all about her."

"Wall, yees, I don't keer if I dew," returned Seth. "But I say, cap'n, what darnation tall sticks they've stuck up in these wessels, ain't they? I should think they'd fall down occasionally."

"They get blown down once in a while."

"Sho! yew don't say! they don't, do they though, raily? Wall, this dumsquizzles me intirely, darn'd if it don't."

Having now reached the schooner's deck, Carlton took Seth down into the after-cabin, which was finished and furnished in good style.

"Wall, this looks tolerably decent for a suller, darn'd if it don't neow," observed Seth, after he had minutely inspected all the interior arrangements. "Is there sich a suller in yewer wessel, cap'n?"

"There is precisely such a place on board of her."

"Wall, I guess I'll put up there then, when I go tew sea."

"That is where the officers live," explained Carlton, "not the sailors."

"Wall, confound it all, cap'n, ain't the officers sailors, hey?"

"Ay, but the sailors are not officers."

"Sho! dew tell! ain't they, though?"

"Not by any means. Come forward, and I'll show you where the sailors live."

So saying, Carlton immediately piloted our Yankee friend into the schooner's forecabin, and asked him how he would like living there.

"Here!" exclaimed our honest Yankee, more astonished than ever; "me live here! Wouldn't dew it, cap'n, no heow. Dad's barn sullen is a pallis tew this eternal hole. Heow darn'd distressin' tew it smells—just like a mixture of rotten salt fish and dead rats."

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the captain, "after you once get used to it."

"Perhaps 't ain't," returned Seth; "but I should die a year or tew afore I got used to it, sartin sure. If I've railly got to live, though, in sich a confounded unclean hole as this 'ere, I'll jest streek it home agin like chain lightnin', and settle deown on dad's farm durin' the rest of my nateral life."

As it was no part of Carlton's policy to lose such a strong, able-bodied, honest youth as he supposed Seth Sanborn to be, he told that excessively verdant individual that on board his vessel he might live with the petty officers in the steerage ; and then, it being near noon, they both left the *Lapwing* and returned to the merchant's house, where they had just got comfortably seated at dinner, when the door flew violently open, and in rushed the Pilot of the Gulf, having very much the appearance, as Seth afterwards declared, of a "ravin' crazy man."

"For Heaven's sake, Hernandez," inquired the captain, "what has happened?"

"The *Phantom* is gone!"

"Where?" exclaimed Carlton, starting from his seat with a violence that nearly upset the dinner-table.

"To sea, I suppose. That infernal sailing-master has run away with her."

"Then we must run after him."

"How?" inquired Hernandez.

"Come with me," said Carlton, as he went towards the door. "I will either find a way or perish in the attempt."

Thereupon, closely followed by the pilot and merchant, Captain Carlton left the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Fast from her eyes the scalding tear-drops fell,
As she pronounced the parting word—farewell.”

WHEN they had got fairly out upon the street, Carlton, turning to the Pilot of the Gulf, addressed him thus :

“Did you get any of the particulars of this bold escapade ?”

“All that I could learn was that he got under weigh last night just after dark, and gave out, according to my orders, he was going to take the *Phantom* round to Salem.”

“Instead of which,” remarked Carlton, “it is my firm belief he has given her up to one of the frigates now blockading Boston harbour.”

“If he has, it is reasonable to suppose that they have placed a prize crew on board, and ordered her to Halifax.”

“Precisely so,” responded Carlton, “and we must therefore, if possible, charter a vessel and try to head them off.”

“Ay,” returned Hernandez, “but that little word *if*, Carlton, is sadly in the way.”

"Perhaps not so much as you may imagine," interposed Mr. Colville, the merchant previously spoken of. "A schooner called the *Lapwing* has just been fitted out by myself and associates for a cruise along the coast. Captain Mason was to have commanded her, but last night I heard he had been taken seriously ill, and is consequently unable to go. I cannot wish for a better officer in his stead than Captain Carlton, who, if he will take charge of the vessel, is welcome to go to sea in her as soon as he pleases."

"In cheerfully accepting, sir, your generous offer," replied the captain, highly elated at this unexpected piece of good fortune, "I can safely promise that the flag she carries shall never be disgraced, and that never, while under my command, shall she surrender to an enemy."

"Allow me to add, sir," interposed Hernandez, "that she will not return here without bringing or sending a prize of sufficient value to indemnify her owners."

"All right, all right, my lads," replied the merchant. "I have not the slightest doubt but that the *Lapwing's* honour, or her country's too, is in your keeping perfectly secure. Shall I retain Miss Arlington as my guest during your absence?"

"If you please," returned Hernandez.

"And she pleases to stay," observed Colville.

“Under present circumstances, sir, I think I can answer for her being very glad to do so.”

“So can I,” said Carlton. “Now, Hernandez, if you please, I will return with Mr. Colville to the house, explain matters to Lucy as briefly as I can, and then will join you on board the schooner with the fresh-water sailor we shipped last night.”

“All right,” returned the pilot. “But how is it, sir” (to Mr. Colville), “about the crew? are they ready?”

“They were ordered to be on board and ready for sea at two o’clock this afternoon.”

“As it only wants about ten minutes of that time now,” remarked Hernandez, “I will go on board and inform the officers what has taken place, in reference to a change of commanders. And now, old boy,” he continued, speaking to Carlton, “tip us your flipper for luck.”

Following this request on the part of the pilot, there was a hearty shaking of hands all round, after which Colville and Captain Carlton returned to the former’s house, and the pilot went directly on board the vessel. As he reached the front door of the merchant’s mansion, the captain was met by Seth Sanborn, who at the top of his voice exclaimed :

“What in thunder’s tew pay neow, cap’n?”

“I have lost my vessel and got another, that’s all.”

"That's enough, ain't it?"

"Yes, yes," impatiently replied the captain; "but just now I want you to be ready to go on board with me in about five minutes."

"On board of what?" inquired Seth Sanborn.

"The *Lapwing*."

"What, that 'ere wessel with the barn suller in her?"

"The same," was Carlton's brief reply.

"Wall, there!" returned Seth, after a moment's puzzled hesitation, "if it wan't for the name of back-in' eout, I'll be darned if I'd stir a hooter. Heow-somever, here I am, and if I go back tew Plaistow, I shall be laffed at like all Jehew. Gaul darn my carkiss if I go back any heow. I'll jest go right aboard of the wessel as bold as a lion, and darn the odds whether they put me deown suller or up garret to sleep. I'll let 'em know that old new Hampshir is abeout, any heow. Hurrah, cap'n; I'm jest ready tew go tew sea when yew say the word."

"I am glad of it," returned Carlton; "for I felt almost sure from the first you would not back out."

"We Yankees ain't born in a backin'-out country, by no means," replied Seth. "The 'tarnal Britishers feound that out long ago."

"True enough," smilingly replied the captain. "Now, my good fellow, if you will just wait where you are till I have spoken with the young lady in

the house, I'll soon join you, and we will go on board together."

"Go ahead, cap'n. I'll wait for ye. Bid the handsome critter in the house good by for me, won't ye, cap'n?"

Without hearing the latter part of our Yankee's curious speech, Carlton entered the house, and, seeing Lucy, immediately entered into a brief detail of his future plans, at the conclusion of which Miss Arlington said :

"After all, George, you have not informed me when you will return."

"Simply, dear Lucy, because I cannot tell. If, however, I am lucky enough by any chance to recapture my own vessel, I shall return immediately after."

"That only leaves the matter in the same state of cruel uncertainty as before," answered Lucy. "Suppose you do not find your own vessel?"

"Then I shall perform a three months' cruise in the *Lapwing*."

"And if you please," returned Lucy, "I will accompany you."

"Nothing, dear Lucy, that I could ask would give me more pleasure than your company, either ashore or afloat; but your going with me in my present voyage is a matter of sheer impossibility."

"In what respect?"

"In almost every respect," responded Carlton. "In the first place, there are no accommodations on board for such as you."

"Such exclusive accommodation as I may need I may be able to make myself."

"I fear not," answered the captain; "but if you could, there is another objection."

"Name it."

"There will be no companion of your sex on board."

"That is indeed a more serious objection than the first," responded Lucy.

"Besides," continued Carlton, "there are others more serious still. These privateering cruises are no mere pleasure excursions, but are full of hardships and peculiar perils. Not only shall we be always liable to the common dangers of the sea, but in addition shall we be obliged to engage in deadly strife upon its bosom. Therefore, dear Lucy, it is impossible for you to accompany us upon our dangerous voyage."

"Alas!" replied the maiden, "I now see that it is even so. I will remain here, therefore, as contentedly as circumstances will permit. I know, too, you are in haste to go, and I must say that dreaded word—farewell."

"Farewell, my promised one," answered the captain; "and be thou comforted with the sweet

assurance, that whilst absent my loving thoughts will always dwell on thee."

With these words, Carlton left his patron's hospitable mansion, and, meeting Seth Sanborn in the street, accosted him thus :

"Come, my man, 'tis time we were on board."

"Wall, yes," returned Seth, "I calcewlate it is jest about. In fact, I thought so some time ago, and sent my trunk along ahead. But I say, cap'n," he continued, as they both walked at a pretty quick pace towards the vessel, "what in thunder dew yew 'spose I was thinkin' on whilst you'd gone tew say good by to the female wimmin folks, hey?"

"Really," replied Carlton, "I could not take it upon myself to say."

"Wall, no, I shouldn't 'spose yew could, seein's yew didn't know," responded Seth. "Neow I'll jest tell ye. I was thinkin' heow I wished I knew as much as my cuzzen Josh."

"Josh who?"

"Sniffkins," answered our Yankee friend. "Perhaps in some of yewer travils yew may have heerd tell of him?"

"Never, to my knowledge," replied the captai.

"Sho! yew don't say! Wall, he's about th cewtest geenyus in all Hampshir. He's a—a what-dew-yew-call-it, a—well I swanny I can't think—a chap that makes a newspaper."

"Oh, an editor," suggested Carlton.

"That's it, cap'n, jest the wheel-grease. He *is* an editor, and knows all abeout every thing, every body, and every wheres. He's got the dredfullest head-piece on his shoulders tew yew ever heerd spoke of. Makes the tallest poittree tew. Knows all about hosses, and ships, and ducks, and jografee, and pollyticks and preachin', 'stronomy and farmin', dried apples and doctorin'; and it's darn'd hard tellin' what he *don't* know."

As honest Seth came to a pause in his curious enumeration of Mr. Sniffkins' miscellaneous qualities, Carlton asked, "What paper that intelligent gentleman had the pleasure of editing?"

"It's called 'The Pikeville Currier,'" Seth replied; "newtral in every thing, independent in nothin' With the talents of all creation engaged in its collums, printed on an averridge as offun as once a fortnit, all for tew dollars and a haaf, cash on the nail. Besides all that, Josh writ a fourth of Jewly orashion as long as your arm. Did it for me, tew, and I preached it last Independent Day in the Plaistow meetin'-house, chock eout of the pullpit. I've got a coppee on't in my trunk; and, perhaps, I'll talk it off some time arter we get tew sea. Holloa! here we air close tew the wessel."

This being the fact, Carlton took his companion aside, and explained to him the necessity there was,

that once on board the vessel, all familiarity such as had been between them should cease, and that in proportion to the readiness he showed in trying to learn and perform his duty, so he would get along, and in the end be competently rewarded. To all of which Seth, beginning to be already amazed at the active preparations making for the vessel's departure, answered not a word, but silently followed the captain on board the schooner.

Then the foretopsail was hoisted up, the mainsail peaked, gaff-topsails set, jib sheets hauled aft, warps cast off; and the *Lapwing*, freed from all her shoreward incumbrances, and a fresh breeze blowing from the westward, darted swiftly through the waters of the harbour towards the open sea.

After his vessel had cleared the islands, and was well out in the bay, Carlton, speaking to Hernandez, said :

“Do you think, pilot, we had best bear away along the eastern coast, or haul up on a wind towards Cape Cod?”

“What would be your object in hauling up towards the Cape?” inquired Hernandez.

“I have thought,” responded Carlton, “that if our suspicions of the new sailing-master were correct,—if he did run away with the *Phantom*,—he must be an Englishman in disguise, having in view the capture and delivery of our vessel to one of the two

or three frigates now blockading this part of the coast. Consequently he gave her up to the first he fell in with, which of course was the one stationed between Cape Cod and Boston harbour. Supposing this to be the fact, we might, I think, naturally conclude that the *Phantom* is still under the frigate's guns, and destined, perhaps, to sail for Halifax in her company. Thus you see that my object in hauling up towards the Cape is so that we may be handy enough to the frigates by daylight to watch their motions, and ascertain whether my conclusion is correct."

"Your premises," returned the pilot, "are undoubtedly true, but you will pardon me for thinking your deduction quite erroneous. If, as you say, the *Phantom* has been given up to either of the ships-of-war on this station, you may rest well assured of her having been packed off to Halifax with the quickest possible despatch. Therefore, were I in command of this vessel, I should crowd on all the canvas, and steer to the eastward."

This advice being immediately acted upon, the watches were chosen and set for the night; after which the captain called Seth Sanborn on to the quarter-deck, and addressed him thus :

"Have you got your trunk stowed away?"

"Yes, sir, I calcewlate I have," replied Seth.

"A feller, with his face all over hair like a cat's

back, come tew me jest arter I got aboard, and said that 'cordin' tew yewer orders he'd put my duds intew the steerage. 'Steerage!' says I, 'where's that?' 'Come here till I show you,' says he. So I followed him deown intew the suller next tew yeours, and he showed me where my trunk was tied up tew a couple of posts, and where I'd got tew sleep and got tew eat, and all abeout it. He told me, too, that when I spoke to an officer, I must always say sir; and for fear I should miss one, I've said it tew every body I've spoke tew, Niggers and all, since I've been on board the vessel."

"The person you have been talking with," returned the captain, "is Mr. Hobbs, the gunner, with whom for the present you will mess. You know, I presume, that you belong to the larboard watch?"

"Can't say that I dew, sir, kneow any thing at all abeout it."

"You soon will, however," said Carlton, with a smile. "But you needn't stand watch to-night."

"I don't think I shall, cap'n, nor any where else. Can't stand without holdin' on, neow."

"Getting a little sea-sick, I suppose?"

"Wall, if I'd been drinkin' very strong lickier," replied Seth, "I should think I was getting considerable drunk. Never felt so 'tarnal queer in all the born days of my life. Every thing seems tew

be a goin' reound and reound and reound, and when I go tew touch a thing I can't dew it,—'tain't there. I'm as dizzy, tew, as a stundid turkey."

"Just as I thought," said the captain. "You are getting sea-sick, and had better go below."

"Go where?"

"Below—to bed."

"Yes, I think I better had," replied Seth, who then, with the assistance of the gunner, went directly to his berth in the steerage.

After walking fore and aft the quarter-deck till near midnight, sometimes conversing with the pilot, and sometimes ruminating upon the probability of falling in with and retaking his own vessel, Carlton also turned in, and nothing worthy of note occurred on board till about sunrise next morning, when the look-out at the mast-head cried out :

"Sail, ho !"

"Where away?" shouted the officer of the deck.

"Four points on the weather-bow, sir."

"Does she appear to be heading this way?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

These facts being reported to the captain, he instantly came on deck, went aloft with his spy-glass, and after gazing through it long and anxiously at the approaching stranger, exclaimed :

"Below, there, turn the hands up to shorten sail. It's the *Phantom*, as sure as I'm a sailor."

CHAPTER IX.

“Like a phantom of the ocean,
Did that slender vessel sail,
Through the wild and dark commotion
Occasioned by the gale.”

COMING down from the mast-head as soon as he was completely satisfied the sail coming rapidly down from the windward was indeed his own beautiful brigantine, Carlton sent all but six or eight of his hands below, with orders to be in readiness to rush back again at a signal agreed upon, directed those on deck to disguise themselves so as to resemble Dutch sailors, and ordered Dutch colours to be shown forthwith.

“You are not going to fight, it seems?” said Hernandez, as he witnessed the curious preparations just referred to.

“Not if I can well avoid it.”

“How so?”

“Because I have thought that as soon as he ascertained our true character he would consider it safest for him to run away, which with that incomparable craft he can easily do; whereas, taking us

under our present disguise as a Dutch merchantman, he will come boldly down and fall into a surprise as certain as it will to him prove disagreeable."

"So far so good, my boy; but who is the skipper of your new-made galliot?"

"My first officer, Mr. Johnson, who is a Dutchman by birth, has his cue from me, and is even now disguising himself for his intended position."

"It is by no means my intention, captain," resumed Hernandez, "to throw a wet blanket on so promising a project as yours appears to be; but suppose the coming stranger does not turn out to be the vessel you expect?"

"Not a supposable case, pilot. I have seen her plainly through my glass, and knowing the cut of her sails as well and better than I do that of my own jacket, and every rope on board as well as my own limbs, I will stake my life upon the truth of her identity."

By this time the approaching vessel was in plain sight from the *Lapwing's* deck, on which Mr. Johnson now made his appearance in the character of a Dutch skipper. To speak in theatrical parlance, he was "made up" for the occasion in the most thorough and appropriate manner, being dressed in short-seated, wide-bottomed duck trousers, red shirt, and blue jacket, and wearing upon his head a red-velvet

skull-cap of the most approved Dutch cut and fashion. After receiving from Captain Carlton his final orders in regard to signals and other movements that might be made below, Johnson, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, took up his position near the quarter-rail, whilst Carlton, in company with the Pilot of the Gulf, retired to the schooner's cabin. Then she was hove to under shortened sail, and laid pitching restlessly up and down in the water, as if impatient for the issue of her master's stratagem.

Not more than five minutes elapsed after these preparations were all complete, ere the stranger, coming pretty close along the *Lapwing's* weather-quarter, hailed as follows :

“Schooner, ahoy !”

“Yaw, yaw,” roared out Johnson in reply.

“What schooner is that ?”

“Mine Gott, mynheer,” answered our *quondam* skipper, “vot for does you make sooch noise ? Dis am de *Frau Winglap*, from New York for Rotterdam.”

“Send your boat on board !”

“Vot is dat you says, mynheer ?”

“Come aboard here with your boat, you infernal Dutch dunderhead, or I'll blow you out of water.”

“I ish got no boat,” doggedly replied the Dutch-

man. "It was stove mit a gale of wind, last night was a fortnit. Come on board mit me, and take some Schiedam schnapps."

"Ay, ay," answered the captain of the *Phantom*, who thereupon gave his first officer directions to run down and heave to, to the leeward of the Dutchman, ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, got into it, and in a few moments found himself standing face to face with the Dutch skipper, on the *Lapwing's* quarter-deck.

"If you will come mit me into de cabin, myn-heer," said Johnson, "we will have some schnapps."

After a few moments' hesitation, during which he cast a scrutinising glance at every object within the range of his vision, the English captain said :

"Go ahead, skipper ; I'll follow."

Accordingly he *did* follow Johnson immediately into the cabin, where, instead of the promised schnapps, our astonished Englishman found two individuals with whom he had previously had the honour to be slightly acquainted. One of these, as the distinguished stranger hove in sight, exclaimed :

"Our sailing-master, by all that's righteous!" whilst the other (it was Carlton) presented at his head a loaded pistol, and as he cocked it, said :

"You are my prisoner, sir. If you speak or stir without my permission, I will shoot you down

like a dog. Now, sir, I demand the instant surrender of your vessel, or rather mine, to its proper owner."

Seeing plainly that the least resistance on his part would be worse than useless, the English captain sent for the coxswain of his boat, and, while he stood waiting, penned the following note to his first officer :

" *On board schooner 'Lapwing,'*

" *23d June 1813.*

" MR. PLAFF,—

" I'm trapped completely. Haul down your colours, and surrender without delay. I'm sorry to be obliged to give such an order ; but what can't be cured must be endured.

" Yours in the bonds of captivity,

" HORTON."

At the same time the coxswain received this important document from his master's hand, Carlton gave three loud raps on the steerage bulk-head, and instantly the *Lapwing's* decks were filled with men armed to the teeth, her ports were opened, guns run out, and decks cleared for action, so that in case of treachery even, the *Phantom's* escape should be impossible. There was no attempt, however, at any thing of the kind, the brigantine being surrendered

to her rightful owner as soon as her first officer received his captain's order to that effect.

After a hurried consultation between Carlton and his principal officers, it was decided that as the *Phantom* was then manned by a prize crew, put on board by the commander of the *Toredos* frigate, to whom she had only the day before been surrendered, said crew should be transferred to the *Lapwing* as prisoners, and taken back in her to Salem under charge of the Pilot of the Gulf, whilst Carlton, with the present crew of the *Lapwing*, proceeded with the *Phantom* on a cruise among the West-India Islands, and along the southern coast of the United States. These changes being made with as little delay as circumstances would permit, Carlton took Hernandez aside, and gave him a letter for Lucy Arlington, cautioned him to keep a sharp eye upon the motions of his prisoners, especially Horton, and then, in company with his crew, honest Seth Sanborn included, left the schooner; soon after which the vessels separated, and crowding on all their canvas, stood gallantly away for their respective places of destination.

Our intelligent readers have undoubtedly borne in mind the fact, that Seth Sanborn had been sent below and ordered to turn in by Carlton, because he was getting sea-sick. After he had obeyed this convenient and humane order, our honest Yankee,

according to his own account, "grew no better, very fast," and finally rolled out of his berth upon his trunk, where he was found by the steward about midnight, in that peculiar state of abject and despairing misery which only those who have been thoroughly sea-sick can duly and fully appreciate.

Seating himself alongside our sick friend, the steward—an excellent fellow in his way, but black as the ace of spades—addressed his shipmate thus :

"What' the matter, boss, eh?"

"Nothin' speshul," replied Seth, "only I'm dyin'."

"Chah! go 'way, man; no you isn't dyin' nuther. What makes you think you is, eh?"

"'Cause I feel so."

"Did you ever die afore, boss?"

"Wal, I calculate not," returned our Yankee.

"Den you doesn't know how it feels; so you can't tell whether you feel so or not—yah, yah, yah!" and the old steward chuckled heartily at the ludicrousness of the idea.

"I know darn'd well what I *can* tell, though," responded Seth,—“that is, if there ever was a feller dyin', that felt streekider dewin' that operashun than I dew neow, arter he got threw with it he ought to have a penshun. Why, black man, yew can't begin tew immadgin heow I feel, any heow. My stummack's all gone, my brains are follerin' suit jest as fast as they can; my knees have gin eout, so I can't stand;

my back feels as though its spine had turned intew a 'tarnal rattlesnake, so I can't lay; the confeounded wessel pitches and splurges about so, I can't set; and I'm so bampustically dumsquizzled altogether, that I can't go—can't start a peg nor budge a hooter. I say, black man, ain't there any fissik nor medisun, nor nothin' a feller can take for this 'tarnal sickness, hey?"

"Pork and 'lasses am de best ting I knows of," answered the steward.

"Look here, yew 'tarnal black scudgen yew," said poor Seth, as he made an unsuccessful attempt to rise from his trunk, "if I could lift this 'ere trunk I'd throw it at yewer head quicker than chain-lightnin' Jokin' with a dead man—ain't yew ashamed of yewerself, yew darn'd varmint? Be off, neow, and let me die in peace; and if any body axes you how I behaved in my last minuts, tell 'em Seth Sanborn didn't care a darn for nobody nor nothin', but was clean grit till the werry last."

With this "dying speech and confession" the steward went, quite satisfied, leaving our honest Yankee (using his own expression) "to die or not, jus as de spirrit moved him."

Next day, however, Seth, although very weak, was able to move about, and in the course of a week had so far recovered as to be able, as he afterwards said, "to eat his allowance with the best on 'em."

Meanwhile the *Phantom*, after doubling Cape Cod, crossed the Gulf Stream, and cruised towards the West Indies, taking one or two prizes on the way, which were sent directly home. After sailing for a month or so round and about the different islands, Carlton, striking in to the coast of Florida, touched at Pensacola, and after staying there a while, started on his passage along the coast homeward, when he fell in with the ill-fated *Diadem*, and sustained, without material damage, the whole force of the white squall which so totally disabled the sloop-of-war, as related in the first of our story.

As this was the first vessel he had seen since leaving his last port, Carlton decided to run down to her and see who and what she was, without regard to her size or armament, of which he could know comparatively nothing until he had done so. There being at the time, however, little or no wind, his progress was necessarily slow, so that he was but just enabled to guess at the true character of his antagonist, when his first officer, who had just come down from aloft, remarked that a squall was coming up, and inquired if he should shorten sail.

"Yes, and be lively about it, too," returned Carlton, after looking intently for a time at the white fleecy clouds gradually rising and expanding on his weather-beam. "Close reef the topsail, furl the jib, take in the foresail, and close-reef the mainsail. I

am bound to run down to that Englishman, squall or no squall."

Although his gallant crew promptly flew to the execution of these orders, they had but barely time to do so ere the squall broke upon them in all its dashing fury.

"Keep her off three points," said Carlton to the man at the helm.

"Ay, ay, sir;" and as she fell off nearly before the wind, she virtually flew over the surface of the wild waves; and as the snow-like whiteness of the little canvas she then carried gleamed through the murky darkness occasioned by the squall, she seemed to be in very deed a wild and ghastly phantom of the sea. Swiftly, however, she went driving on, the force of the wind seeming to lift her at times clear of the water, across the stern of the *Diadem*, close under her lee; where Carlton, feeling well assured that the larger vessel was badly wrecked, if not disabled, ordered the *Phantom* to be hove to, with a view of rendering such assistance as might be needed. Here he was obliged to lay, drifting gradually to leeward, till near midnight, before the wind had lulled so that a boat might be safely lowered into the water. Even then, Carlton, although extremely anxious to hasten to the sufferers' relief, was doubtful of the risk, and would have delayed acting, as a matter of common prudence, until daylight; but a loud and appalling

shriek that came suddenly upon his ears from the direction of the doomed ship decided him at once. A boat was instantly lowered and promptly manned. Carlton himself directed her movements. Slowly but steadily was she pulled towards the black hull of the fated *Diadem*. On, and still on she goes, till within a cable's length of the wreck. A white speck appears upon the water just ahead. "Pull, boys," says the noble captain, "for your lives—ay, and for other lives." The "boys" obey. The white speck has grown larger, until it has assumed the form of drapery. As the gallant boat shoots on, Carlton clutches it firmly in his iron grasp; the boat is stopped, the drapery is taken in, and found to cover a female form of more than passing beauty. IT IS QUILLAH, THE WEST-INDIAN QUADROON.

CHAPTER X.

“The ship is sinking !
Strain each nerve,
To save her passengers and crew.”

PERCEIVING some slight tokens of life in the fair form now reclining in his arms, Carlton ordered the boat to be pulled directly back to the brigantine, where all possible efforts were immediately made to restore the beautiful quadron once more to consciousness. In a short time these proved successful, so that she was enabled to open her handsome eyes upon the frank and noble countenance of Captain Carlton, which seemed to inspire her with some degree of confidence, as she said :

“ I think, sir, you are to me a friend,—but, oh, I have had a horrid dream ! My poor head is confused—I cannot call it now to memory. These wet garments—how came they so ? Ah ! ” (after a moment’s pause) ; “ I remember now. There has been rain and wind and falling masts. Strong sails, too, have been rent asunder, and scattered broadcast o’er the sea. And there has been deadly strife.

Angeline has been stricken down, and I—O Gordon, Gordon, save me—save me!”

Having given quick utterance to these disjointed sentences, poor Quillah closed her eyes, as if to shut out some still dreaded and expected danger, and continued silent until Carlton addressed her thus :

“ Notwithstanding the incoherency of the words you have just spoken, I think I can safely presume that they refer to some vessel that has been lately wrecked.”

“ They do, sir,” answered Quillah, “ refer to a noble ship which, for a short time back, has been my home. She has been wrecked, I think—I knew that ; but what happened afterwards seems to me even now like a dream. If I mistake not, I am on board a vessel now.”

“ You are,” replied Carlton ; who then proceeded to relate the occurrences resulting in her rescue from the raging waves, beneath which, had there been another minute's delay, she would certainly have found a long, untroubled rest. As the captain concluded his brief narrative, Quillah, having in the mean time fully recovered her recollection, returned the captain's confidence by a concise detail of events that had previously transpired on board the *Diadem*. At the mention of Angeline Claremont's full name, Carlton started with unfeigned astonishment, which he was scarcely able to repress till the fair quadron

had finished her recital. Then his resolution was at once taken. Angeline must and should be rescued.

After sending Quillah, under charge of his faithful steward, into the cabin, Carlton ordered two boats to be lowered and manned, one of which he commanded himself, as before, whilst the other was placed under the immediate charge of the first officer, Mr. Johnson. As the second officer (Mr. Marshall) was confined to his berth by sickness, the brigantine was necessarily left in charge of the gunner, with our old friend Seth Sanborn as chief assistant.

"This 'ere goin' tew sea," said our honest Yankee to the gunner, as the two boats pulled away from the brig, "beats all creashun clean eout and eout. It's the darndest cewrius biz'ness ever I heern tell on. At one time it's calm and fair, and bewtiful and nice, with nothin' tew dew only to lay reound decks and try tew look the sun eout of jint; at another time it rains and hails, and thunders and lightins, and blows hard enough tew knock a feller's teeth deown his throat; the 'tarnal vessel pitches and plunges, and rips and tares and rears on its hind legs like a mad bull, and there's every thing tew be done all at once, and nobody tew dew it, by jingo!"

"Then you don't like it, eh?" replied the gunner.

"Wal, as my cuzzan Josh would say—oh, yew never heern tell of him, did yew, Mr. Hobbs?"

Hobbs was obliged to acknowledge he never had.

"Haven't, hey? Wal, he's the most distressingest chap on larnin' ever yew see. He's been tew col-lidge, eddits a newspaper, and knows every thing. Speakin', heowsumever, abeout my likin' the sea, as cuzzan Josh would say gin'rally speakin' I dew, but partickyewlarly talkin', I'll be gaul busted if I dew. In the fust place, I was sea-sick, and I didn't like that. Then I got larfed at all reound the vessel 'caus I was green, and I didn't like that nyther. Then we had a bit of a sly dig at a Britisher, and I kinder liked that, and arterwards took a couple of prizes, and I liked that tew. Arterwards we cruised reound a long while for nothin', and I didn't like that; and, finally, we've gone intew picking up dreowned gals in a gale of wind, and whether I shall like that or not I can't exactly say."

"You was aft there when they brought the girl on board, wasn't you?" inquired Hobbs.

"I calcewlate I was."

"White or black, is she?"

"Nyther one nor t'uther, as fur as I could see by the light of the lantern," replied Seth.

"Milk and molasses, eh?" said the gunner.

"No, no: kind of dark complexioned, that's all, and darnation handsom at that."

"Quadroon?" suggested the gunner.

"Jerewsalem!" exclaimed Seth, "what's that?"

"A person," rejoined the gunner, "that's quarter part white, quarter part red, a quarter part black, quarter part yaller, and—"

"Hold on!" interrupted Seth; "yew've got four quarters alreddy."

"Have I? Then that's all there is," responded Mr. Hobbs; and there the conversation ended.

Whilst the two boats belonging to the *Phantom* are proceeding with all possible despatch toward the *Diadem*, we will anticipate their arrival a little by calling the reader's attention to Lord William Gordon, who, after he had tossed the quadroon overboard, as previously related, rushed into the ship's cabin in search of Angeline Claremont, whom he found sitting on the transom engaged in the perusal of a book.

"Are you insane, Angeline," he asked, "to be thus calmly employed on board a sinking ship?"

"I know of no better employment than reading he Bible in any emergency," calmly replied Miss Angeline Claremont.

"Oh, it's the Bible you are reading, eh?" responded Gordon, somewhat contemptuously. "I don't think much of that, any way. It's too good altogether. What is good for every thing, you know, is good for nothing. Besides, it blows from all points of the compass, like a West-India hurricane."

"Gordon," replied Angeline, with great solem-

nity of tone and manner, "do not, I beseech you, spend what may prove to be the last moments of a vicious life in ridiculing that precious book, which, if properly read and heeded, may yet bring you to repentance and ultimate salvation. I know the ship is sinking ; but were it otherwise, I should hardly wish to live. The words of soothing consolation found in this best of books have fallen as a balm upon my wounded spirit, so that I can meet my fate with calmness, whatever it may be. From its sacred pages I have also learned forgiveness towards my enemies ; therefore I can freely forgive you. And I again beseech you, William Gordon, to heed the holy teachings of this blessed Word, before you are finally called to that unknown spirit-land, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"A parson in petticoats, upon my soul !" replied Gordon, with a sneering laugh. "Considering, too, that this sentimental and highly religious homily comes from one who within the space of one short hour has tried to knock a fellow-creature's brains out, it is amusing in the extreme, upon my soul it is."

"That was when I was half crazed with fear of your evil designs, not only towards myself, but towards Quillah, the quadroon."

"Who at present is beyond all fear," observed Lord William Gordon.

"In the cabin, there!" shouted Marvyn from the gangway-door.

"Hulloa! what do you want?" inquired Lord Gordon.

"There's a brig to leeward with the Yankee flag flying from her main royal truck. Two of the boats are coming this way as fast as oars can pull them.

"Follow me to the deck, Miss Claremont," said Gordon, "and make the best of this, your only chance for life."

Without waiting to see whether or not the maiden heeded his request, Gordon hastened to the deck, where, by the aid of the morning light, which had just broken brilliantly over the waters, he saw the *Phantom* sitting like a giant sea-bird on their bosom, which was still beating and throbbing heavily from the effects of the previous tempest.

"What are you going to do, Marvyn?" inquired the nobleman, as he found the boats nearly within hailing distance of the ship.

"The best I can," was the lieutenant's curt reply.

"What, pray, is that?"

"To put myself, passengers, and crew on board the Yankee."

"What is her name?"

"The PHANTOM!"

"By the jolly jumping Jupiter," said the boat-

swain of the *Diadem* to Mr. Blunt, the gunner, "I thought so."

"I'll be blasted for one," returned Blunt, "if I wouldn't rather take my chance in this sinking ship than go on board of her."

"So had I," replied the boatswain; "for in all my experience on the ocean, I never see such a devilish rakish-looking craft before."

"I wonder if our lieutenant is going to show fight?" said one of the men, speaking to the boatswain.

"How's he going to do that, you lubber, when he's got nothing to fight with? Don't you know the powder is all wet, and don't you see the cursed Yankees are all armed, and don't they come from the devil's own vessel, and, of course, are under his especial command?"

"That chap that's just jumped on board the ship," said Blunt, alluding to Carlton, "don't look like a malicious devil, any how."

By this time the captain of the *Phantom* and his boat's crew had reached the deck of the *Diadem*, which they found in the uttermost disorder and confusion. With the exception of the carpenter, who was still at work upon the boat, no one was employed, which plainly showed that the discipline of the ship was completely at an end.

After addressing to the first lieutenant some

general remarks upon the violence of the squall, and the incidents of the wreck, he said :

“ I perceive your ship is beginning to settle fast, and therefore no time is to be lost in leaving her. Is there not a lady on board ?”

“ There is, sir,” replied the first lieutenant.

“ Where ?”

“ In the cabin, sir.”

“ She must be looked to first,” continued Carlton, as he started directly for the gangway.

“ Stop, sir !” exclaimed Gordon, who had followed closely in his rear. “ The lady in question is under my especial protection.”

“ By what right, sir ?” Carlton hurriedly inquired.

“ Such as belongs to her affianced husband.”

“ Under other and less dangerous circumstances,” resumed Carlton, “ that would certainly be a prior right to any I could offer ; but at present a due regard for the lady’s safety constitutes me, for the time being at least, her temporary protector.”

So saying, Carlton, without further parley, but still followed by Gordon, descended into the cabin.

Angeline still being engaged in reading, did not notice the captain’s entrance until he said :

“ Miss Claremont !”

Hearing her name thus pronounced by a voice that sounded strange and yet familiar, Angeline

dropped the sacred volume she had been perusing from her hand, and after gazing for a moment at Carlton with a wild and puzzled expression of countenance, exclaimed :

“ Pray do not wake me, for it is pleasant dreaming that I see before me the noble being who once saved my life.”

“ Lucy,” said Carlton, hurriedly, in reply ; “ pardon me,—Miss Claremont, I would say,—you are not dreaming. I am in true reality he to whom you just referred.”

“ Ah !” interrogated Lord Gordon, who had stood thus far an astonished spectator of the scene, “ an old flame—a former lover, eh ! The secret’s out now fairly.”

“ Miss Claremont,” resumed Carlton, without heeding Gordon’s interruption, “ you have not a moment to lose ; the ship is sinking. Follow me !” Then he started to the deck, and without the slightest hesitation Angeline Claremont followed him. Seizing a dagger that laid upon the transom, Gordon followed also ; and, reaching over the lady’s shoulder just as Carlton reached the upper step, stabbed him in the back ; then, rushing up, stumbled over his intended victim as he lay bleeding on the vessel’s deck.

CHAPTER XI.

“ Trust him not ;
His heart is full of treachery and crime ! ”

ACTING firmly upon the impulse of the moment, the captain of the *Phantom* grappled with Gordon, and held him securely till his own boat's crew hastened to his assistance. Perceiving, then, that they were about executing summary vengeance upon his villainous opponent, Carlton said :

“ Bind him hand and foot, and place him in the bottom of the boat ; but I charge you not to do him further injury.”

As Angeline noticed he was becoming weak and faint from loss of blood, she hastily procured some bandages and applied them to our hero's wound, under the direction of a surgeon's assistant, who happened fortunately to be among the survivors on board the sloop-of-war. After as careful an examination as, under the circumstances, could be had, that worthy but somewhat unskilful knight of the lancet pronounced that, in his opinion, the dagger, instead of penetrating the vitals of the intended victim, had

glanced through the fleshy part of the shoulder, inflicting an ugly and painful, but by no means dangerous wound. Then Angeline, with the peculiar and delicate tact intuitive with her sex, procured such bandages as were to be had, and applied them appropriately to the sufferer's need ; after which, in strict accordance with his orders, Carlton, with his beautiful nurse, being placed in the boat, soon found himself, with his fair companion, on board his own handsome and far-famed cruiser.

"By the jumping Jupiter !" said Willetts, as he and the gunner of the *Diadem* watched the departure of the *Phantom's* boat from the ship's side, "we are flat aback ; and if we don't look out, shall go down stern foremost."

"Do you refer to the ship or her company?" asked the gunner.

"Both," returned the boatswain ; "that is, it amounts to about the same thing both ways. The ship is sinking as fast as possible, whilst her company are prisoners to a Yankee privateer."

"Not exactly that," replied the gunner, "because he has given us our choice."

"Which is the devil's own choice, sure enough," interrupted the boatswain ; "that is, we can go down with the ship, go on board the brigantine as prisoners, or take our own boat and go where the winds and waves see fit to carry us."

"That will be to Davy Jones's locker, of course," observed the gunner.

"It may be so, and may not; but I choose to risk the chance, any way," returned the boatswain.

"So do I," replied the gunner.

As several of the crew had made the same choice, and succeeded in launching the boat, which was now alongside waiting for the second lieutenant, the boatswain and gunner, whose occupations, like Othello's, were for the time being gone, took a brief but characteristic leave of their ship, and became immediately a part and parcel of the boat's company.

In the mean time, the first officer of the *Phantom*, having charge of the second boat belonging to that vessel, and orders to look to the ultimate safety of the *Diadem's* crew, had taken in his boat such as had chosen to give themselves up as prisoners of war, including the first lieutenant and the remainder (except those who, having a choice of what they considered two evils, took what they believed to be the least, namely, a chance in their own boat, under their own flag, perhaps to make the nearest land, fall in with a friendly vessel, or perish by the perils of the sea), and reported himself on board the *Phantom* without loss of time; after which, according to Carlton's orders, that vessel was braced sharp up, and stood off on her course to the north.

After being conducted by the officer of the deck into the dread presence of the *Phantom's* captain, Marvyn said :

“ I am here, sir, as your prisoner.”

“ As such, sir,” responded Carlton, “ I do not consider you. It is true that a sudden misfortune, such as we all are at any time liable to meet with, has placed you and a portion of your noble but unfortunate ship's company in my power, my first use of which shall be to bid you welcome to the best of such poor accommodation as my vessel affords. As for your men, they shall fare the same as mine. Concerning your passengers, it behoves me not to speak, as, with one exception, I happen to be at present in or under their particular care.”

“ Which must be exerted,” interposed Angeline, towards keeping its patient as quiet as possible ; therefore, one of your nurses directs that you make your conversation as brief as circumstances will permit.”

“ By the directions of so kind a nurse, I shall be most happy to abide,” said Carlton, in reply ; and as he gazed wistfully for a moment at the beautiful countenance of Angeline, he thought how very, *very* like she was to Lucy Arlington. “ Still,” he continued, “ there are some things that must be said, and some orders given ; after which, I will retire to my state-room, and try, at least, to sleep.”

Here the second officer entered the cabin, and, addressing the captain, said :

“What is to be done, sir, with the prisoner in bonds ?”

“Is he disposed to be quiet ?”

“Quite the reverse, sir. He has done nothing but utter the most bitter curses and imprecations against yourself, the ladies present, and the vessel, ever since he has been on board.”

“Then, for the present at least, I must keep him confined.”

“Ay, and for the future,” interposed Quillah, the quadroon ; “so long as he is in your power.”

“Put the prisoner in irons,” said Carlton to his officer, “and place him below, with an intimation that when he sees fit to behave like a man he shall be released. Tell Sanborn to come here.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the officer, who thereupon left the cabin, followed by the first lieutenant of the *Diadem*, leaving Carlton for the time exclusively in the dangerous presence of his fair nurses. We say dangerous, with the full knowledge of his betrothal to Lucy Arlington ; because whenever he raised his eyes, their intensely eager glance rested upon the features of her exact counterpart ; so much so, indeed, as often caused him, during the prevalence of the partial delirium caused by his wound, to mistake the one for the other, calling Angeline, Lucy,

and using such terms of endearment as only his intimate connection with the latter would appear to warrant. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he would apologise, only again to doze, and again awake to commit the same embarrassing mistake, much to the confusion of Angeline Claremont, who finally gave up the position she had assumed as head nurse to Quillah, and sought to change the painful current of her thoughts by visiting the *Phantom's* quarter-deck.

All the time since Carlton had been brought sick and wounded into his own cabin, the quadroom, with a single exception, had remained quiet, although the quick and eager glance of her beautiful dark eyes had watched his every movement, and she felt, she knew not why, an unpleasant sensation at her heart, when his attention appeared riveted by Angeline Claremont.

After Angeline's departure, for a short time Carlton, still reclining upon the couch on which he had first been placed, slept ; and as Quillah gazed earnestly upon his handsome features, she murmured —“ He delivered me from death, and deserves my highest gratitude. He is manly, brave and of a noble nature, and deserves my love. He shall have both—the one to be shown freely and fully at all times, whilst the other is kept a profound and sacred secret, never in this world to be revealed.”

A slight noise, occasioned by the entrance of a third person into the cabin, aroused the sleeper, who, perceiving, as he rose to a sitting posture, the good-natured-looking features of the reader's Yankee acquaintance, addressed him thus—"Ah! Sanborn, is it you?"

"Wal, yaas, cap'n, I calculate 'tis jest about me, or sumbuddy of my size, make, and build, any heow. Kinder got stuck aboard that infarnal Britisher, didn't yew, cap'n, hey?"

"Scratched again in the shoulder, that's all," returned the captain, with a smile.

"Never mind, cap'n, yew've got the blasted critter that done it safe and sound, under lock and key, where yew kin let him know that yew can play at the same game. Confeound his infarnal picter! he's the wickedest-lookin' sarpent ever I heern tell on—looks jest as though, if he had a chance, he'd eat all hands, and the cook intew the barg'in. He was darn'd ugly, tew, when he fust come aboard, and cuss'd and swore the most distressingest kind."

"Below now, isn't he?" inquired Carlton.

"Yaas, and darn'd nicely ribboned up, tew, by jingo. Altered his tiktaks, tew."

"Altered what?"

"Tiktaks, cap'n; that's a military word that means axshuns. The way I cum to heer on't was by means of Josh Sniffkins, who used tew be insine

of the Barnstead Light Infantee. He was a dreadful sojer, Josh was, now I tell ye—strait as an arrer, and had a voice like a thunder-clap. He was elected curnel once, but wouldn't stand, because he couldn't. The reason he couldn't was because at that time he was a shillin' short, and couldn't buy the yewniform."

"You mean to say, then," interposed the captain, "that Lord Gordon has altered in his actions?"

"Lord ! lord," repeated Seth ; "yew don't mean tew call that 'ere murderous pirate that stuck yew, or like tew, threw the gizzard, a lord, dew yew, hey?"

"That is his title, as the lady here,"—pointing to Quillah,—“ I presume, can well attest.”

"Beg yewer pardon, miss, for not salewtin' yew afore," said Seth, as with hat in hand he scraped and made his best bow to the fair quadroon. "Heow dew yew dew?"

"Quite well, sir, I thank you."

"Yew air, hey? Glad tew heer it. So am I. Heow's yewer marm?"

"Alas ! sir," replied Quillah, with a heavy sigh, "I have no mother."

"*Sho*, yew don't say ! If I'd know'd that, I wouldn't have axed. Excewse me, marm, but I didn't mean tew hurt yewer feelin's, darn'd if I did, no heow."

"Never mind that now, Seth," interrupted Carlton ; "but tell me about the prisoner. Since he has been below has he altered?"

"Wal, yaas, cap'n, I calculate he has. He's just as quiet neow as a suckin' caaf ; says he's sorry, tew, for stickin' yew as he did, and thinks yewed sarve him right tew hang him tew the yard-arm. So do I."

"Perhaps I should," replied Carlton ; "but at present, however, I mean to do nothing of the kind. I am going to have his irons taken off."

"And then throw him overboard, hey?" inquired Sanborn.

"Not quite so bad as that," rejoined the captain ; "but I am going to place him under your particular charge."

"Heow dew yew mean, cap'n?"

"Something like this : He is to be freed from his irons, and have the liberty of the deck, whilst you are to watch warily his every movement, and be very sure to keep him clear from the cabin and the lady passengers. At the same time, I wish you to treat him with all civility, unless he oversteps the prescribed bounds, in which case you will act in such a manner as your discretion may prompt."

"I'll look cout for the sarpunt, cap'n, jest as sharp as a lynx ; but I'm afeered if he goes tew

gittin' upurruhsus I shall be prompted tew knock him down square as a brick-bat."

"Ay, but you must be very circumspect, nevertheless," said Carlton.

"Neow yew've got me, cap'n, in a 'tarnal tight place. I always went to school winter evenin's till I was eighteen years old, and always calcewlated I was *some* on the dixyunerry, if not more; but that last big word yew put in dumsquizzled me entirely eout and eout."

"What I meant," replied the captain, "was simply this: that you are to watch the motions of this English lord in such a way as will not lead him to suspect you. Thinking you were shrewd enough to do this, I sent for you, in order that you might be qualified for this somewhat delicate task."

"All right, cap'n," returned our Yankee friend; "I'm qualified. Mum's the word; Yankee Dewdle's the tewne; our flag is there, and Seth Sanborn's jest the wheel-grease for this particewlar occashun."

So saying, Seth made his best bow to the captain and Quillah, and left the cabin.

"You will excuse my presumption, sir," said the fair quadroon, after Seth had gone on deck, "in still advising that you keep Lord Gordon closely confined as a prisoner. I know the man, and believe him to be capable of the deepest treachery. He has betrayed—basely betrayed—the innocent,

and sought to shed their blood. The alteration that has been spoken of in his actions is, in my opinion, altogether deceptive, and calculated to cover dark and revengeful designs."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the reappearance of the officer of the deck, who reported four vessels in sight—one ahead, one astern, and two on the weather-quarter.

"They must be a part of the English West-India squadron," observed Carlton, "and I must go on deck. Go, Marshall, and order the *Phantom* to be kept off before the wind. We must show these fellows a light pair of heels. Is the wreck still in sight?"

"No, sir; she disappeared about a quarter of an hour since."

"Peace be to her ashes!" said Carlton, as, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the quadroom, he sprang nervously from his couch, and followed Marshall to the *Phantom's* quarter-deck, where he found his vessel suddenly becalmed, whilst the strangers on his weather-quarter appeared to have the benefit of a breeze that was just bringing them down upon the brigantine.

But a short time elapsed before the first officer of the *Phantom*, who had been sent aloft to look out, reported them as being both frigates bearing English colours; on hearing which, Carlton ordered the *Diamond's* crew to be put down under hatches, and the deck

of the brigantine cleared for action ; on witnessing which, Angeline—who had watched all these proceedings with an anxious eye—inquired “ if he was going to fight.”

“ Not if I can run,” replied Carlton, with a smile ; “ but unless I succeed in soon catching a part of the breeze they seem to be blessed with, that will be impossible,—when nothing will remain for us except to nail our unspotted flag to our mast-head, and fight to the last man for our country’s honour and the *Phantom’s* fame. For myself, I’m determined not to be taken alive.”

“ Nor I nyther, cap’n,” exclaimed Seth Sanborn, who happened to be standing by. “ I say, if wurst comes tew wurst, let us go in Yankee fashun, dew the best we know heow, and if that ain’t enough, let us all go tew glory tewgether. Amen, halleluewyer, and Hail Columbee !”

CHAPTER XII.

“ Her love had turned to hatred,
And she vowed a bitter vow,—
That her false and base betrayer
Should beneath her vengeance bow.”

JUST as honest Seth Sanborn concluded his very patriotic speech, and with a hop, skip, and jump joined his shipmates on the main-deck, a slight breeze filled the *Phantom's* sails, and started her gallantly off upon her course. As this fact was observed from the nearest of the strange vessels then in full pursuit, a shot was fired as an intimation that the brigantine must heave-to.

“ Fire again, my hearty !” exclaimed Captain Carlton, as the enemy's shot struck the water just under the *Phantom's* quarter. “ Thank God, the end is not yet.” Then turning to Angeline and the quad-roon, who were anxiously watching the progress of events near by, he continued : “ Ladies, allow me to insist upon your going below.”

“ Are we to take your words as a peremptory order, sir ?” inquired Angeline Claremont.

"Of course not," returned Carlton, "although a compliance with my request may be necessary for the safety of your lives."

"Then we are not yet out of danger?"

"Certainly not," responded Carlton; "although if the breeze we are now favoured with lasts half an hour, we shall leave it far behind."

"Shall we let fly the stern chasers, sir?" interrupted the first officer.

"Ay, ay, Johnson, fire them as a token of defiance."

"Quillah, shall we go below?" asked Angeline of her fair companion.

"You can do as you please, Miss Angeline," replied the fair quadroon, "but I shall remain on deck."

"But the captain," observed Angeline, "says there is danger—"

"And that," interrupted Quillah, "decides me to remain where danger is."

"But are you not afraid, Quillah?"

"Afraid of what?" inquired the fair quadroon.

"Of death," responded Angeline Claremont.

"Not in the least," responded Quillah, as a proud smile passed swiftly across her beautiful features, and disappeared, as oftentimes hope disappears from the human heart, "because more than once have I experienced its utmost bitterness. Welcome indeed

would death at this time be to me. What have I now to live for?"

"Are you not young, my Quillah?" replied Angeline, as she affectionately placed one arm around the quadroon's waist; "and is there not an earthly future filled to the brim with happiness and love, beckoning you to press forward and partake freely of its varied blessings?"

"Alas," returned Quillah, as she quickly freed herself from Angeline's sisterly embrace, "there is no future happiness or love for me. The time *has* been when Quillah basked freely in the bright and open sunshine of youthful innocence and peace. But in an evil hour the fell destroyer came, and in soft and winning accents told her of a similar future to that of which we have just been speaking. Quillah listened and believed. Then, placing that beautiful but deceptive future directly in her path, the tempter led her on, until he won her confidence and love. Where and what, I ask you, lady, was Quillah's future then? Happiness and love?—ah, me! but instead thereof misery and deadly hate. Henceforth Quillah lives only for revenge. Love garnishes *your* future, lady, with beautiful life-flowers, but not mine. Quillah would be alone."

So saying, the quadroon abruptly left her fair companion, and seating herself near the taffrail, gazed gloomily out upon the horizon that then and there

formed the only boundary to the dark-blue waters of the heaving sea.

"Poor girl!" thought Angeline, as she sought their common state-room in the *Phantom's* cabin; "hers has indeed been a wayward and a weary way. But methinks there is safety and happiness in store for her yet. At least, my duty is plain. I must be to her as a sister, and try to win her back to virtue, truth, and peace. Yet I know not, after all, if I am happier than she. True, my innocence has not been betrayed, but I have loved, even as Quillah has loved, and have suddenly become convinced that my love is not returned. But the secret of my love remains in my own keeping—never in this world to be revealed. I am weary now, and will try to get some rest."

Thereupon Angeline closed the door of her room, and lying down in her berth, soon fell off into a quiet, childlike, and peaceful slumber.

By this time it had become evident that the superior sailing qualities of the brigantine, being more than a match for her pursuers, were fast taking her out of reach of their shot, so that she might reasonably be considered out of danger. Then Carlton—the excitement of the chase being, comparatively speaking, over—sought his own state-room, where he soon found such equivocal rest as a brief and troubled sleep is known to afford.

Meanwhile Gordon, being released from his irons,

appeared to be altogether changed in conduct and general demeanour from the character he had assumed as a prisoner on the *Phantom's* deck. Then he raved like the veriest madman, ostensibly at his captors, but in fact against the fate, if it may so be termed, that had ultimately placed him at their disposal. Finding such a line of conduct entirely inconsistent with his personal convenience, and relying upon the generosity of Captain Carlton, as displayed towards the *Diadem's* crew (they, after a temporary restraint occasioned by the chase, having been allowed the liberty of the deck), our noble lord immediately altered his tactics, and apparently became submissive to his fate.

Consequently, when his irons were knocked off, and Gordon was informed that, with the exception of the cabin, he had liberty of the vessel, that crafty and unprincipled individual expressed his gratitude in the most abject and submissive terms. At the same time, however, he conceived a cunning plan to get the *Phantom* into his own possession. He knew very well that thirty English sailors who had been rescued from the wreck stood at all times ready to obey his orders. Notwithstanding this, he was also aware that he must establish with them a method of communication, which, whilst it absolved him in case of exposure from all complicity, would secretly bind them to act at any and all times as he should dictate. In order

to open this communication in the briefest and most appropriate manner, Gordon, as soon as he saw the *Phantom* well clear of the hostile strangers by whom she had been chased, sought the company of the *Diadem's* first lieutenant, and drawing him aside, so that what he had to say might not be overheard, addressed him thus:

“Well, Marvyn, here we are.”

“There’s no disputing that important fact,” replied the first lieutenant, “and in no bad place either.”

“She is certainly as pretty a craft as floats.”

“And sails, too, like the very d—l,” answered Marvyn. “Only see how she has distanced those frigates, which, if they belong to the West-India squadron, must be among the fastest sailers in the British navy.”

“That is true,” returned Gordon, “although I had strong hopes at one time they would be able to come up with us.”

“Are you tired of your new quarters already?” inquired the first lieutenant.

“The quarters perhaps are well enough, but still I do not relish the idea of being an English prisoner in a Yankee vessel.”

“Nor I,” returned Marvyn, “although I have been treated here in the most delicate and gentlemanly style.”

“There is no denying but that the captain of

this pretty craft has done the genteel thing by all his prisoners ; but then we all feel we are prisoners, nevertheless, and I think would be fully justified in trying to free ourselves at the earliest opportunity."

"I think so too," replied the British officer.

"Then the thing is done," responded Gordon.

"What is done?"

"Simply the taking of this fine craft into our own keeping. Listen now, Marvyn, to a plan I've formed to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished."

"Are yew Mister Lord?" inquired Seth Sanborn of Gordon, just as the latter finished the speech above quoted.

"No, my good fellow ; William Gordon is my name."

"Sho! yew don't say! Cap'n Carlton told me yewer name was Lord."

"That is his title," observed Marvyn.

"Title?" repeated Seth. "I calcewlate I don't know exactly what that means. 'Taint the one yew 'read clear tew manshuns in the skies,' is it? If it is, yew can 'bid farewell tew every fear,' and foller me below."

"What do you mean, sir?" replied Gordon, indignant at being thus addressed by one of the *Phantom's* crew.

"Wal, I mean tew say, sir," answered Seth that I've been ordered by the cap'n tew show yew where yew can turn in and go to sleep."

"Oh, very well," responded Gordon; "I am not quite ready yet; when I am, I will let you know."

So saying, he and his companion, moving a little way off, resumed in a guarded undertone their former conversation, whilst honest Seth Sanborn thus soliloquised:

"I guess that Mister Lord will bear watchin', any heow. I'll bet a dollar, hard money, that he's up tew some kind of ugly snuff. His talkin' so private with that ere ossifer don't suit me, no heow. I should like darn'd well tew listen tew their confab if I dared tew; but the cap'n told me to be civil, and so I darsn't. But I'll watch the 'tarnal critter jest the same as a cat would watch a mouse, darn'd if I don't, any heow."

Meanwhile, Gordon, being asked by Marvyn for the details of his daring plan, spoke as follows:

"We can, of course, depend upon the co-operation of every Englishman on board. They are thirty in number, I believe, exclusive of the boat-swain and gunner. We must find some means to inform them of our plans, and all agree upon the time and mode of action. They must be instructed

to secure such arms as can easily be secreted, then at a given signal they will rise, and, under our guidance, must soon succeed in overpowering the unsuspecting Yankees ; and the honour and glory of having captured the *Phantom Cruiser* will be ours for ever."

Had the treacherous lord observed a figure, clad in female habiliments, flitting about during the whole time of the previous conversation—now stopping to catch a word, and then retreating a short distance, as if to avoid being seen—the words just quoted would never have been spoken ; but they were spoken, and immediately answered by the well-known voice of Quillah, the quadroon. Stepping quickly forward as Gordon pronounced the words "for ever," she exclaimed :

"Gordon, Quillah is at length revenged. Die, black-hearted traitor ; die by the quadroon's HAND !"

A dagger gleamed for a single instant in the air, then suddenly descended, and was buried to the very hilt in the breast of William Gordon.

CHAPTER XIII.

“She was a maiden lady
Of a quite uncertain age.”

Our readers will remember that our story left Lucy Arlington, on Carlton's departure from Salem in the *Lapwing*, an honoured guest in Mr. Colville's house. That gentleman's family consisted at the time, besides himself, only of his wife and her sister, his only son being absent at Harvard University. As the lady of the house had been for some time a confirmed invalid, Lucy was thrown for general companionship almost entirely upon the peculiar resources of Miss Collinda Muzzey, a maiden sister of Mrs. Colville, who, at that time, *owned* to the uncertain age of thirty—a standing-point of time from which, during the previous ten years, she had never deviated. We wish she could be described as one of those good old maids, often read about, but seldom seen, who, amiable in disposition and generous in character, are indeed ministering angels to those fortunate enough to be blessed with their society; but, alas! in Miss Collinda's case such was not the fact. On the contrary, she was a tattling, mischief-making,

scandal-loving daughter of Eve, envious of the youth, beauty, and general good fortune of every one of the sex possessed of such advantages, and extremely uncharitable to all.

When Lucy Arlington first beheld the tall, thin, slab-like form, dressed in the height of the then prevailing fashion, which set off, as Lucy thought, to a great disadvantage the sour aspect of her small but prominently pinched features, she felt an antipathy towards Miss Muzzey, which grew stronger on every day's subsequent acquaintance; so that at length she was glad to obtain a temporary respite from her petty persecutions by taking long and solitary walks around the suburbs of the town.

Acting strictly upon the principle that Lucy had a secret which it was her bounden duty to get at, Miss Collinda, on the day after her arrival at Collville's house, commenced operations by saying, "Pardon me, but didn't I hear you intimate last evening that you were engaged to this young sprig of a captain that's gone off a-privateering or pirating, jest as you like to term it?"

"I think not," blushinglly replied our fair heroine.

"Ah, then, I was mistaken, and must have guessed the fact that you were going to be as weak and silly as the majority of our sex, by such unmistakable signs as the shedding of tears and heaving

of mournful sighs after this young man had left to go on board his vessel. Poh! I was really ashamed to see you take on so. *I* wouldn't do it for the best man that ever lived."

"In my opinion," observed Lucy, "no true woman, with a sensitive heart beating within her bosom, would ever be ashamed at shedding tears when parting with intimate friends."

"Sensitive heart,—sensitive cat's foot!" sarcastically repeated Miss Collinda. "Don't tell me! I don't believe in any thing of the kind. *I* never had a sensitive heart."

"Nor one of any kind," thought Lucy to herself.

"No," continued the maid of thirty (?) summers, "nor a miserable, weak, silly heart to be come over and affected and torn to pieces by every brute of a man that undertook to sport with it. It has been tried by more than one of the villanous reptiles, but I made them retreat faster than ever they advanced, I'll warrant you. If they had dared to make a second attack, I would have scratched their eyes out."

"Was either of them handsome?" inquired Lucy, with a smile.

"Yes, every mother's son of them," replied Miss Collinda. "Gracious sake alive, child, I wouldn't allow a homely man to look at me."

"I suppose," returned Lucy, "I can reasonably infer from all you have said, that you were never so unfortunate as to be engaged?"

"No, I loved my sweet liberty far too well for that, I can assure you. Besides, I could see plainly through the motives of every would-be wooer that came along. The object of one was money, of another beauty" (Lucy opened her eyes wide at that); "whilst another, and the last, waited till he was old enough to die, and then came for the purpose of getting somebody to take care of him in his cross old age. I am almost sorry I didn't accept this offer, so as to have punished old Arlington's confounded impudence."

"Did *he* offer himself?" inquired Lucy, beginning to feel somewhat interested.

"He did that," replied Miss Collinda.

"Lately?"

"About five years ago. He and my father were formerly merchants, doing business together in Boston, and by that means the crafty old reprobate came to know I had a snug little fortune left in my own right; so at the eleventh hour, down he came from his country home and cousins, for the benevolent purpose of taking it into his precious charge and keeping. But he couldn't come to tea at all. I set a flea buzzing in his ears that made them itch some, I'll warrant him. But enough of him, and

more than enough of my matrimonial offers. Do you mean to say you are not engaged to Captain Carlton?"

"I mean to say nothing about it," returned Lucy.

"Ah, I remember now," resumed Miss Collinda, after a momentary pause, "of hearing you were engaged to one Captain Horton, a wealthy Englishman, in the British naval service."

"Are there no more engagements of mine that have come to your knowledge?" quietly inquired our fair heroine.

"Not as yet; but I cannot tell how soon there may be. Ah, my dear, I see how it is with you now, quite plainly. You are engaged to one of these young captains, and in love with the other. Doing well, you are, upon my soul. What is this world a-coming to?"

"An end, I suppose, some time," observed Lucy.

"And it's high time it did," retorted the spinster, "when there's such caperings up among young girls, or ladies, I presume they wish to be called, as those I just referred to."

Thinking the present conversation ought to come to an end, whether the world did or not, Lucy abruptly left the apartment.

"If I haven't hit the right nail on the head in regard to that girl's affairs," soliloquised Miss Muz-

zey, on finding herself alone, "then I never did a right thing in my life. What a precious young baggage she is, to be sure ! Let me see. Blushed and sighed and looked as though she had been stealing something when I spoke about Carlton, and never denied what I said about Horton. She has run away from her guardian, too ; I overheard enough to make me sure of that, soon after she came here. Won't make a confidante of me, my sweet Miss Arlington, eh ? Don't wish you to, my dear ; but if I don't live to see your precious pride pulled down, and don't help to do it too, the world will come to an end with me sooner than I expect, that's all."

With this benevolent intonation thus expressed, our incorrigible spinster ended her soliloquy, and remained silent, until she got another chance at Lucy, and succeeded in hitting some nails regarding that young lady's private affairs squarely on the head.

Two days afterwards, at the close of a conversation similar to the foregoing, Miss Collinda, having arrayed herself previously in her most costly apparel, took a stroll out about the town, for the purpose (as she expressed it) "of seeing what she might see, and hearing what she might incidentally hear." She had proceeded but a short distance up the main street, when an unlucky Providence threw in her way the person who of all others she most wished but least

expected to look upon. This was the reader's old acquaintance, Mr. James Arlington, who, as he approached within speaking distance, greeted the worthy spinster thus :

"Ah, Miss Muzzey, I am glad to see you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Collinda, making herself extremely ridiculous by aping the tone and manner of a girl of eighteen. "Allow me to reciprocate, by saying I am also glad to see you. How long have you been in town?"

"Just got here," returned Arlington.

"From where? if I may make so bold as to ask."

"Last from Boston, where I have been engaged the last two or three days in looking after a runaway ward of mine, who is unfortunately insane."

"Your search in Boston proved unsuccessful, I presume?"

"You are right," replied Arlington; "it did."

"It may or may not prove so here," observed Collinda.

"What do you mean, woman?" exclaimed Arlington, somewhat sternly. "Have you seen Lucy? Do you know her, and where she is?"

"I do."

"Tell me directly, then, and mention the reward."

"Don't chafe, man, don't chafe, and look as

though you were going to eat a body up; because there ain't that man walking on two legs that can frighten me. As for reward—now, look out for your money-bags—I don't ask one cent, but will simply say that, if you don't tell me all about this girl, how she came to run away and be crazy, and engaged to two men at once, and all that—the full particulars, you know—all the information you get from me concerning her you can put in the smallest corner of your eye, and go about your business without being thereby in the least inconvenienced."

Knowing well from previous experience the peculiar characteristics of the worthy spinster with whom he was now conversing, Arlington acceded to her demands by briefly relating such portions of Lucy's history as bore upon the points at issue, stating, in addition to facts with which the reader is already acquainted, that Carlton foiled him in coming to Salem, instead of going direct to Boston.

"According to that," observed Collinda, "you took one road, and he, with his companion, took another?"

"Exactly so."

"Then why did you stay so long in Boston?"

"Because I thought Lucy might be secreted there, and by looking shrewdly round I might possibly find the place. You have got all the information I can give. Where is Lucy?"

"Bless my soul!" replied the fair Collinda, "how

abrupt you are. But fair play is bonny play, and so your question shall be fairly answered. Your ward is now residing with one of your greatest enemies."

"Who is that?"

"My brother-in-law."

"Charles Colville?"

"Ay."

"Good. I will go thither immediately, and take her once more into my own custody."

"You will do no such thing," returned Collinda, "if you act for your own interest."

"How so?"

"Simply because your end can be obtained in a much easier and more certain manner. If you go to Colville's house, you will not only alarm your prey, causing her again to flee your hated presence, but find her defended by the merchant to the last extremity. So much for your short-sighted plan: listen now to mine. Lucy is in the habit of walking, towards nightfall, a mile or so out of town. To-night her walk extends out upon the turnpike-road leading to Boston. Is your horse and carriage in town?"

"Yes."

"Very well; and servants?"

"Ay, two of them."

"Better still. Go now to your hotel, and there content yourself until you see and hear from me

again ; and in the mean time have horse, carriage, and servants in perfect readiness to start at a moment's warning. Soon as your ward goes forth upon her evening walk, I will slip quietly round to your quarters, and inform you of the fact. All you have to do then is to follow her at a convenient distance until she reaches a solitary part of the road, that lies fortunately near the town ; then dash on, secure her person, 'peacefully if you can, forcibly if you must,' and drive off as fast as possible towards your country home."

Having thus narrated the details of her highly pious and benevolent plan, Miss Collinda Muzzey hastened home with all possible despatch.

In the mean time our fair heroine had retired to her own chamber, and sat down to meditate upon the probability of her lover's speedy return to Salem ; and while thus pleasantly engaged fell off to sleep, and dreamt of Carlton, happiness, and peace. From this, however, she was soon aroused by the dulcet tones of Miss Collinda's voice, calling her down to tea.

"Going to take your usual walk this evening ?" inquired the former, as Lucy appeared in the supper-room.

"Certainly," was Lucy's quick response. "I would not miss it for the world. The greatest comfort of my present life is taken in my evening walks."

“But sometimes,” observed Collinda, “I have remarked your being out after dark. At such times are you not afraid?”

“What or whom should I fear?” returned Lucy, “trusting confidently—as I have learned to do—in the unlimited power and beneficence of that great and good Being who ‘tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,’ and ‘allows not a sparrow to fall to the ground’ without His kind and benignant notice.”

“Nothing nor nobody, if that’s the way you talk,” sneeringly responded Miss Collinda. “But the best of folks miss it sometimes, you know.”

Not knowing precisely what the worthy spinster meant, Lucy made no reply; but, after silently sipping a cup of tea, dressed herself and went immediately forth on her eventful walk.

After going on perhaps for half an hour, and getting about half a mile from the settled part of the town, she heard, for the first time, the rattling of wheels behind, and was just stepping aside to allow the approaching vehicle to pass, when she heard the dreaded tones of a harsh but well-known voice calling upon her to stop. As she mechanically obeyed this sudden and unexpected order, Arlington’s carriage drew up; and that gentleman, alighting therefrom, addressed his victim thus:

“Get into the carriage, miss, and go with me.”

“Willingly, sir, I shall never do so,” replied Lucy firmly.

“Then, as I have no time to lose, you must do so unwillingly,” replied Arlington. “Come, boys,” he continued, speaking to his servants, “bear a hand and put this crazy girl into the carriage.”

As the men approached to obey this order, poor Lucy, casting her eyes up towards the spangled canopy of heaven, exclaimed :

“‘Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me !’”

At the same moment another vehicle, containing two individuals dressed as seamen, came suddenly round a bend of the road, apparently from an opposite direction; on seeing which, Arlington exclaimed :

“Hurry, men, hurry, before those fellows get up with us.”

The next moment a well-directed blow from the butt-end of a whip, in the hand of one of “those fellows,” laid Arlington upon the ground; and ere another passed, Lucy found herself bravely protected by the stalwart arm of the PILOT OF THE GULF.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Happy was the rescued maiden,
Sailing on the summer sea.”

RECOVERING his senses just as Hernandez and his companions were in the act of conveying Lucy to their vehicle instead of his, Mr. James Arlington rose to his feet, and addressed his servants thus :

“What are you about, you blackguards, that you suffer your master to be assaulted and imposed upon in this way ?”

“By jabers,” returned one of the parties thus appealed to, “we were about doin’ the best we could.”

“Which was—”

“Just nothing at all, yer honour,” interrupted his brother-servant, “seein’ that the ould divil himself appeared and took the young lady out of our hands. And botheration to his sowl, didn’t he jump from his carriage without stoppin’ his horse, and knock yer honour on the head like an ox, before either of us had time to wink ?”

“Never mind all that,” replied Arlington, “for

it is not too late to do something now. Do you, Mike, go and take the head of that pirate's horse, whilst Dennis and I make a final effort to get the young lady back to where she belongs. Quick, now, before they start."

"By the powers of Molly Kelly," returned Mike, "but that's what they don't seem to be in any hurry to do."

This was, indeed, the fact ; inasmuch as the two strangers, after placing Lucy in their vehicle, had taken their appropriate stations, and waited apparently to give their enemies a fair chance to race or fight, just as they happened to choose.

"Take the head of their horse, you infernal vagabond," exclaimed Arlington, in reply to the last speaker ; "and see that they don't start."

"Arrah then, me honey," returned the servant, "if it's meself yer call a waggabone, yer may jist do yer own dirty work without the divil a help from Micky Sullivan, at all, at all."

"Off with you, then," responded Arlington ; "out of my sight and service for ever. Come, Dennis, take Mike's place. You and I ought to be a match for them," pointing to the pilot and his companion, "at all events."

"The divil a match am I for a man that has a pistol or a shillelah when I have none," answered Dennis, without offering to advance a single step.

"How do you know they've got pistols?" inquired Arlington.

"Faith, then, because I seed the butt-ind of one stickin' out of one of the divil's pockets."

"Which one?"

"Jist the one that's houlding the reins."

"That is the Pilot of the Gulf—the infernal scoundrel that knocked me down. Fool that I was to come on an expedition of this kind without being armed to the teeth! Perhaps, though, Dennis is mistaken about the pistol, after all. I'll take the head of their horse myself."

As he stepped forward to accomplish this highly important but somewhat difficult purpose, Hernandez drew a pistol from the side-pocket of his coat, and as he deliberately aimed it at Arlington's head, exclaimed:

"Stand, or die!"

Thinking the former of these alternatives the one most convenient of adoption, Arlington abruptly stopped, and spoke as follows:

"More than once hast thou crossed my path, Hernandez; but a final day of reckoning will surely come, when you will call in vain to me for mercy. Then shall I say 'die,' and that without alternative. Remember, sir, that this is the second time you have stolen away that poor insane unfortunate, now sitting by your side, from her only legal

guardian and protector, in opposition to principle and law."

"Stop, sir," replied Hernandez, "until I prove the utter falsity of your position. This young lady goes with me of her own free will and accord, or she goes not at all. She has her choice, and to her decision do I now appeal."

"Then, sir," answered Lucy, "I decide to go with you."

"That being the case," returned Hernandez, "the sooner we are off the better. Mr. Arlington, you have heard your ward's decision, and with that you must remain satisfied until, at least, we meet again. As you have truly said, a day of reckoning will come, when I shall have wrongs to avenge as well as you, with this difference—that mine are real, whilst yours are only assumed. Farewell till that day comes."

With these words the pilot, giving his horse the reins, drove rapidly off towards the town.

"Come, Dennis," said Arlington, as he jumped into his own carriage for the purpose of following the fugitives, "get in here, and take the reins."

"Sure, sir, an' its Micky Sullivan's yer honor's coachman, an' it's not the likes of me will take it from him."

"Ay, but Mike is discharged for disobeying orders."

"By the morthal blue blazes, so am I," replied

Dennis, "for the divil a rein will I touch at all, at all."

"Good on your head for a broth of a boy and a true son of St. Patrick," exclaimed Mike, as he took his comrade's hand and shook it heartily.

Consigning both his stubborn serving-men to the hottest imaginable region of the future world, Arlington, taking the reins himself, turned his horse's head towards the town, and rode swiftly back to the place from whence he came.

In answer to a question from Lucy Arlington as to what miraculous dispensation of Providence had brought him so opportunely to her rescue from a bondage worse than death, Hernandez, as they rode along, after recapitulating the incidents of his cruise in the *Lapwing* up to the time of her parting with the *Phantom*, continued thus :

"In strict accordance with Captain Carlton's orders and my own poor judgment, I made the best of my way back to Salem, in order to deliver my prisoners, of whom Captain Horton is the most prominent, to the proper authorities of the place. On arriving at anchorage-ground in the harbour about one o'clock this afternoon, I, in company with Dr. Grant, our schooner's surgeon, came on shore in the same boat with the prisoners, when, wishing to obtain some private papers of my own, I hired the present conveyance, and, with the doctor still in company,

proceeded to Nahant; from whence, feeling obliged to go to sea again as soon as possible, we were returning when we so fortunately ran afoul of old Arlington, and succeeded in getting you out of his villanous power. Now, it appearing quite evident to me that Salem is no safe stopping-place at present for you, I have resolved you shall, in case you like the idea, take a short cruise with me in the *Lapwing*. What say you to this, Miss Arlington?"

"That I like the idea very much," responded Lucy, "not only as being a change of scene, but as also being the only safe course I can pursue. Do you think you will be likely to fall in with Captain Carlton?"

"Provided we can elude the vigilance of the British squadron now investing this part of the coast, and get safely out to sea," replied the pilot, "our chance of doing so is very good, as I shall proceed directly south, and cruise a spell in his vicinity. So if you can manage to put up with our poor accommodations for a month or two at farthest, you shall be quite welcome to a state-room in the *Lapwing's* cabin. Your trunks are at Mr. Colville's, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," responded Lucy. "When do you intend to sail?"

"As early as to-morrow afternoon."

"Then if you please, sir," resumed Lucy, "I will

stop at Mr. Colville's to-night, and go on board early in the morning."

Here the conversation ended, and the party soon arrived at the merchant's house, where they all received a cordial welcome from its worthy owner. On seeing Lucy Arlington, Miss Collinda Muzzey was overcome by astonishment ; but soon recovering her self-possession, pleaded that most common and convenient of all feminine excuses, a bad headache, and sought the privacy of her own apartment, where she gave free vent to the thoughts of her virgin mind, in the following words :

"Satan will befriend his own, in spite of all we virtuous people can do. Now, who in gracious' sake would ever have thought my pretty plan for that young hussy's benefit would have failed ? But it has failed, and here she is looking just as saucy and handsome as ever. Engaged to one man, and in love with another ! O Lord, when I think of it, I almost wish I did not belong to the sex. But I am not done with her yet. I'll make this house too hot to hold her, if I die for it. She's a proud, good-for-nothing, ugly, impertinent jade, and that's the whole truth on't."

With this rather spiteful declaration of the truth according to Collinda, our amiable spinster closed her soliloquy, and retired to rest.

Meanwhile Mr. Colville, after his newly arrived

guests had seated themselves at the tea-table, addressed Hernandez thus :

“ Pilot—or rather, to speak more properly—captain, I am really glad to see you.”

“ Thank you, sir,” replied the pilot. “ If you had been in your counting-room when I first came ashore, you would have seen me before. I called there soon after I landed, and was told by one of the clerks you had gone out of town.”

“ Yes, I had gone to Beverly on business,” returned the merchant. “ I got back from there about five o’clock, and was very glad to hear of your arrival. How have you succeeded ?”

In answer to this, the pilot gave a detailed history of the *Lapwing’s* cruise thus far, and concluded by relating his subsequent adventure in connection with Lucy Arlington. After listening with indignant astonishment to the closing part of the pilot’s story, the merchant fully coincided with Lucy’s determination of going to sea ; and then the whole party adjourned to the parlour—on entering which, Mr. Colville said :

“ Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to your favourable notice an old and worthy friend of mine from the country—Mr. Sanborn.”

With that, an individual seated at the farthest end of the room came forward, and, addressing the company, said :

"Heow on airth dew yew all find yourselves, and heow air yew gettin' along? Ain't no strangers tew me, not a soul of ye. Miss Lewcy, heow's yewer most partickyewlar health?"

"Quite good, I thank you. How is your lady, and good Keziah Hartshorn?"

"Well, marm—that's my wife, yew know—is tolerably comfortable; but Kezzy's kind of deown in the mouth, yew know, about Seth. I never see a critter take on so as she did, the night he went away, in all the born days of my life. For as much as an hour and a half she boo-hooed jest as tight as she could put in. Finally, marm got clean ecut of pashents, and told her she was a 'tarnal fool; and she—marm, yew know—wouldn't take on so if all the men in creashun was dead and berrid. Then Kezzy stopped cryin', but has gone mopin' round ever since like a sick crow in an empty cornfield. So yesterday arternoon, jest to cheer her up a bit, I told her I'd take a load of unyins deown tew Salem, and see if I couldn't hear somethin' about Seth. Then I started off; come part of the way last night, and the rest this mornin'; sold out my unyins and come here, where I've been treated jest as well as if I was the governor. Cap'n" (to Hernandez), "heow dew yew dew? I'm glad tew see yew as I am tew see a hot sun in hayin' time. Heow did yew leave son Seth?"

"A little sea-sick," replied Hernandez.

"There, jest as I thought it would be, darn'd if it ain't. I told the 'tarnal goslin he'd better stick tew the farm; but he got war and glory and Yankee doodle dandy mixed up in his head tew sich a dreadful extent, that he was obleeged to go off tew git rid on't."

"Oh, he will do well enough after he gets better," said the pilot, "and will make, no doubt, a first-rate sailor."

"I hope he'll make a brave one, at any rate," returned the father. "Why, if I was to hear he was a ceoward and afraid to face the Britishers, I'd ceowhide him tew death jest as soon as he come in sight, jest as trew as dog-days."

"I am ready to vouch for his bravery, at any time," replied Hernandez.

"Glad tew hear yew say so, cap'n. I love my son, and don't want him tew git hisself hurt; but when it comes case in hand, I want him to stan' up like a hero and face the inimy, and send jest as many of 'em to kingdom come as he can get a chance tew fire at. Then he'll git his name up, and git put forrard in his businiss."

"And perhaps rise in course of time to the command of a line-of-battle ship," interposed the pilot, with a smile.

"Shouldn't wonder a darn'd atum if he did," replied the landlord. "But it's gittin' arter hours, and

I promised marm I wouldn't be eout late ; so I must bid yew all good night, and be off tew the tavern."

And after shaking hands all round, the worthy farmer left the house ; whereupon, it being late, those remaining sought their several apartments and retired.

Immediately after breakfast on the succeeding ' day, Lucy sent her baggage to the wharf, where it was placed in the boat that took her, in company with Hernandez and Doctor Grant, alongside the *Lapwing*, on board of which she soon busied herself in putting her little state-room into as good order as circumstances would permit. Then she went on deck, and was highly interested by the ceremony of the vessel's getting under weigh. At two o'clock, p.m., this was duly accomplished, and the little *Lapwing*, with her white sails gaily spread to the light west wind then blowing, passed swiftly on towards the open sea, her only passenger feeling more safe and happy than she had been since she last parted with Captain Carlton. But the end of her sorrows was not yet.

CHAPTER XV.

“Awake thou, soul,—
Thy hours are fleeting,
Thy life is rapidly completing,
Time with eternity is meeting—
Soon comes the night.”

So sudden and unexpected was the fatal blow received by Gordon from the quadroon's hand, as to deprive for a moment or two those who witnessed it of the power of utterance. Then the awful sound of murder, coming first from Marvyn's lips, as he pulled the dagger from his comrade's wound, was quickly handed from mouth to mouth, and the whole ship's company, with the exception of those employed on immediate duty, gathered around the dreadful scene of Quillah's vengeance.

“Who has done this?” inquired Carlton, as he gave orders to have the wounded man carried forthwith to the cabin.

“I did it, calmly replied the beautiful quadroon.

“Are you aware 'tis murder?”

“Call it what you please,” answered Quillah,

with the same unnatural calmness as before ; “ I am content and ready to abide the fearful consequences. *I* call it just and righteous vengeance.”

“ Which belongs only to God in heaven,” rejoined Carlton.

“ Who works it out through chosen instruments,” returned the fair quadroom. “ Priests and holy men all say so, therefore it must be true. And was it not fitting in the present case that I should be chosen—I, that was long ago deprived by him of all that rendered life to me so desirable ? Remember, too, that I come of a race ardent, proud, and passionate, possessing hearts utterly incapable of forgetting a favour or forgiving an injury. Therefore I, having suffered the greatest wrong that could possibly be inflicted, have taken such slight recompence as the poor, mean, miserable life of yon villain had to offer ; and I glory in the act, not because he would without compensation have taken mine, but because I knew he had it in his mind to take yours also. And now that I have passed the pale of human sympathy and love, I do not hesitate to tell you, Captain Carlton, that the safety of *your* life being to me more precious far than mine, has been the moving cause of the deed you so much deprecate. I am your prisoner, sir ; do with me as you will.”

Before Carlton could find time to reply to the

fair quadroon's peculiar address, the surgeon came up from the cabin, and addressing Carlton, said :

"Your presence is required below, sir."

"How is the wounded man?" inquired the captain. "Is there any chance for his life?"

"No, sir. He can live but a few hours at the longest."

"Is he conscious?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then will I go and do the best I can to make his last hours comfortable."

So saying, the generous and noble-hearted captain retired below ; whilst Quillah, leaning over the vessel's rail, gazed down upon the darkened waters of the starlit sea, as if she were seeking beneath their mighty depths a fitting home for the weary, restless heart now wildly palpitating within her bosom.

As Carlton entered his main cabin, he found Lord Gordon stretched upon a couch that had on the instant been skilfully adjusted by the fair hands of Angeline Claremont. She had also assisted the surgeon in binding up his wounds, and had been active in doing all that could be done to stay, or at least ease, the current of departing life.

"Hush ! step easy," said Angeline, as Carlton approached the sufferer's couch ; "he is dozing."

A moment afterwards Gordon opened his eyes,

and speaking to Angeline in a tone of voice but little louder than a whisper, said :

“Read to me, Angeline, from the book that—that—”

“I understand you,” answered Angeline, as a sweet yet mournful smile flittered like passing sunlight over her fair countenance. “You mean the Bible.”

This she immediately produced, and seating herself beside the death-bed of him who had been destined for her husband, read such selections as she thought appropriate, concluding thus : “Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

“Alas,” whispered the dying man, “I am too weary—too heavy-laden, to obtain this precious blessing.”

“It is not so,” replied the ministering angel, “for there is always the same ‘balm in Gilead,’ the same Physician there !”

“Can it be possible there is hope for a wretch like me ?”

“There was hope for the thief upon the cross,” responded Angeline, “and implied forgiveness for the greatest malefactors that ever lived, even the murderers of our blessed Lord Himself; and so I can safely answer that if now, even at the eleventh hour, you offer true repentance for the fatal errors of the

past, it will be accepted; for do we not read that there is 'more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance'? Repent, therefore, and humbly pray for mercy."

"I cannot pray," replied the dying man, "with the blood-guiltiness still resting on my soul. I cannot pray."

"I know not if I can," responded Angeline; "but I will try."

And then and there, in that dimly lighted cabin, out on the open sea, this ministering angel knelt humbly down by the couch of the dying sinner, and in a tone of voice low but distinct, and immeasurably sweet, pleaded long and earnestly that the sins of the mourning soul, passing so swiftly out of its mortal tenement, might be washed away, so that it might be received, all purified and good, into the blissful heaven of eternal happiness and peace.

As this petition went beautifully forth from the holy heart of Angeline Claremont, all was as hushed and still as the coming death. Awed by the sweet solemnity of the passing scene, Carlton had also at the outset knelt beside the passing life; and even Quillah, the quadroon, who at the first had crept into the cabin unperceived, seemed to feel that something more than mortal hovered round; for she stood

statue-like and motionless, as if the wild passions of her heart had been suddenly subdued, and she was praying too.

Then the solemn silence that ensued after the prayer of Angeline ascended upon high was broken by the dying man himself, who said :

"I feel better now. Quillah—I would see Quillah."

In a moment the beautiful quadroon was at his side, holding his thin, white, trembling hand in hers.

"Dost thou forgive me, Quillah?"

Suddenly the features of the beautiful quadroon became convulsed with strong emotion, but she uttered not a word.

"Tell him, yes—forgive him, if you are a woman," whispered Angeline, "even as yourself would wish to be forgiven."

All at once, as if the quadroon's hate had passed away, and the old undying love had come back to its former place, she stooped, and as she imprinted a burning kiss upon the sufferer's cheek, exclaimed :

"Gordon, you are forgiven. Shall it be the same with Quillah?"

"It shall," murmured the dying man. "Stand by me to the last, Angeline. I am going; take my other hand."

She did so, and soon found that the grip grew

tighter, and the hand she held colder, until its awful iciness called her attention to the sufferer's face ; seeing that that also was cold and calm and motionless, she knew that he was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Chance and change are ever working
On the destiny of man ;
Fickle, ever-shifting fortune
Oft destroys his every plan.”

THERE is more truth than poetry in the old-fashioned assertion, that “this is a curious world.” It is so simply because it is a world of chance. Philosophers and other religionists may call it a world of practical reality, with such maxims as, “The way a man sows, so shall he reap,” and all that stereotyped sort of thing ; but then truth steps in and floors the whole with stubborn facts, which put practical philosophy to the blush, and by the supremacy of its infinite wisdom keeps the world in subjection to the immortal, the earthly inferior to the spiritual. Therefore truth becomes stranger than any fiction the human mind can invent, and compels us, in following its lead, to change somewhat the aspect of our story, by leaping, as it were, at once from the grave to the gay, from the pathetic to the humorous. Another brief scene of the former character, and the reader’s patience shall be relieved.

It was the morning after Gordon’s death, and

the *Phantom* lay becalmed upon the dark-blue waters of the broad Atlantic. With the single exception of the dull flapping of the sails against the masts, all was as quiet and still on board as was the dead body now about to be consigned to the mariner's grave. Eight bells being struck, all hands were called to the main deck. Then the body, sewed in canvas, with sinking shot tied to its feet, was lifted silently to the rail ; the solemn ritual of the Episcopal Church was impressively read by Captain Carlton ; a dull plunge succeeded ; and the dead was buried.

Pretty soon afterwards a light breeze sprung up, and the *Phantom* went gaily on her course, taking the remaining life along, and leaving death astern.

"It is the darndest cewriusest world I ever heerd tell on, any heow yew can fix it, and jest as cewrius at sea as it is ashore."

This was a remark made by Seth Sanborn to the gunner just after Gordon's burial, which called forth the paragraph at the head of the present chapter, and which the gunner answered thus :

"You are wrong, Seth. The world is not curious at all,—it's the people."

"Wal, I rayther guess it is," responded Seth. "Any heow, it's somethin.' A man plans eout tew-day what he's goin'to dew to-morrow. Five minnits arterwards, somethin' comes along, perhaps, that

knocks plan, man, and every thing intew an up-cocked hat. And that makes a dreadful cewrius affair on't altewgether ; so that the man stands and looks eout on creashun generally dumsquizzled and astonished beyond all acceount. Only jest look at it. Yesterday that feller that's jest gone overboard on a long crewse, that we've all sooner or later got to take, had planned eout to take the wessle, and the Lord only knows what else ; but a little bit of steel, abeout six inches long, made in a minnit a decided alterashun, and awfully astonished the whole crewd, clean threw."

"It didn't astonish me much," observed the gunner.

"I s'pose not," rejoined Seth. "There's some people in the world not capable of bein' astonished at any thing—at least, cuzzen Josh Sniffkins. Never knew him, did yew?"

"Never did."

"Wal, I guess not. He's a noospaper man, and, of course, is gen'rally booked up in every thing. Why, he told me that he knew a man that waked up one mornin' quite eout of breath, yew know,—that is, dead,—and didn't wonder at it at all."

"Do you mean to intimate that I am lazy?" interrupted the gunner.

"Not at all ; but cuzzen Josh, beside bein' a noospaper chap, is a fillosofer. In futur ages of the

world, I shouldn't be surprised to find him figgerin' in some monthly maggazeen as 'Democrat of the Supper-table.' Neow, Josh says, fillosoffically, of course, there must be a cause for every effect. That's sartin. Here's an affair happened that's astonished every body but yeou. Naterally, I am astonished at that, and begin tew look for the reason why. Where, and who, and which, and when, and *what* is it, old boy, hey?"

"Simply because nothing in that line has happened."

"Been a man killed, ain't there?"

"There's always being a man killed somewhere," replied the gunner.

"Not exactly in the style this one was, though," rejoined Seth.

"Style be blazed!" indignantly answered the practical gunner. "What do you know about style?"

"Not much, sartainly," replied Seth; "but cuzen Josh knows all about it. He says there's style tew every thing—in readin', writin', and 'rithmetic—'speshally in writin' Neow, he's got a style of dewin' that which beats all creashun right eout and eout. If he lives forty years longer, it will make his fortin. 'Tain't appresheated neow, though, by a darned sight. Folks don't know nothin' at all abeout it. Neow, he's been advised to immitate

this, that, and t'uther writer, times and agin; but the 'tarnal critter won't dew it. He's as stubborn as a west-country buffalow. Thinks his own style is best, and sticks to it."

"There, we hear enough," responded the gunner. "Go to blazes! you and your cousin Josh, style and all. I'm going below."

Accordingly he went, leaving Seth soliloquising thus:

"'Tarnal queer feller that gunner is, any heow. No more reason about him than there is about a snared pigeon. I don't believe he ever went tew school a fortnit in the whole course of his life. Thought I meant him when I spoke about lazy folks. Neow I don't know as I did, but if the coat suits he's welcome tew wear it, and I'll go below and tell him so." So saying, he followed the gunner into the steerage.

Throughout the entire day the principal topic of conversation in all parts of the brigantine was Gordon's death, the causes leading to it, and the consequences that might naturally be expected to follow. In the cabin, however, but little was said, except what passed between Carlton and Lieutenant Marvyn, whilst Angeline and Quillah were absent on deck.

"This has been an unfortunate affair," observed the latter, as he entered the cabin, shortly after the

last sad ceremonies had been paid to the remains of his noble friend.

"It has," rejoined Carlton feelingly, "and by me its occurrence is deeply regretted."

"Perhaps if you were acquainted with the full particulars of his conduct and intentions," said the lieutenant, "you would rejoice at, rather than regret, Lord Gordon's death."

"I think, sir, I know all. How he betrayed the passionate and impulsive woman who dealt the final blow I have heard from her own lips. His intentions toward myself are plainly to be seen upon my wounded person. It has been hinted, too, that he intended to take the vessel,—which the usages of war, however, might have partially justified. Nevertheless, I am willing to throw the broad mantle of Christian charity over all his faults, and leave him in the hands of that great and good Being 'who deals justly, loves mercy, and is willing to save to the uttermost that which is lost.'"

"You are a generous, whole-souled fellow," exclaimed Marvyn, as the captain concluded, "worthy to command a squadron."

"Thank you," rejoined Carlton; "such a compliment from an enemy is worth a thousand from the nearest friend. Still, I take no credit to myself whatever: there is a beautiful influence surrounding me, and, I might truly say, perhaps, the whole ship's

company, that ought to make all with whom it comes in contact, in a greater or less degree, generous and good."

"This influence proceeds, I presume, from Miss Claremont?"

"You speak truly, sir," responded Carlton, with more warmth and energy of manner than he had hitherto assumed; "and I firmly believe it has been instrumental under God in saving the soul so recently departed. To me she seems in very truth a ministering angel of mercy, peace, and love."

"You will excuse my freedom, captain," rejoined Marvyn, with a smile, "in expressing an opinion that you are smitten in that quarter."

"In love, I suppose you mean?" replied the captain.

"Precisely so."

"I cannot; in fact, I dare not, sir," rejoined the captain. "As my wound is getting somewhat painful, you will excuse my now retiring."

"Certainly," responded Marvyn, who, taking the hint, immediately went on deck, muttering *sotto voce* as he did so, "If he isn't head over heels in love, then no man ever was."

If Captain Carlton had not been troubled with a feeling akin to love regarding Angeline Claremont, he must have been more than human. As has been said before, she was both physically and mentally

the exact resemblance of Lucy Arlington. Therefore, without the least imputation on Carlton's faith or honour, we can easily conceive, that having this beautiful resemblance continually in sight, it might often be successful in competing with the reality. Besides, he had twice been instrumental in saving her from death, and the sincere feelings of gratitude she felt obliged to show to him on that account, expressed in sweet and most confiding terms, naturally led to the belief that she at least loved him. In this belief, however, he was soon destined to find himself mistaken.

Finding himself alone with Angeline on the day now in question, Carlton, in allusion to her treatment of Lord Gordon, said :

"Any one not acquainted with the facts would have naturally supposed, in witnessing the Christian tenderness of your conduct to the dying man, that you were in love with him."

"And yet," returned Angeline, "I only treated him as one human being should treat another in like extremity. With love—in the common acceptance of that much-abused term—I have for some time felt I have nothing at all to do."

"Excuse me, Miss Claremont," replied the noble captain, "when I say, I hoped your answer might be different."

"Why, or how?" innocently inquired the lady.

“ Because I have presumptuously dared to wish that the endearing term in question might eventually be mentioned in connection with my humble name.”

“ Captain Carlton,” returned Angeline, with great impressiveness of tone and manner, “ placing as I do the utmost confidence in your honour and integrity, I feel it my duty, in all candour and earnest sincerity, to set this delicate question at rest once and for ever. The time has been when I could not myself have dared to say but that the result you hinted at might finally be reached ; but when I heard you mention another’s name in terms not by woman at least to be mistaken, that time passed, never, never to return. Then it was that love and I gently shook hands, and parted ; so that word between us must never more be uttered. My esteem, respect, and gratitude are yours, and with these I have no doubt, on due reflection, you will be truly satisfied.”

At this interesting point the conversation was effectually ended by some one’s shouting down the gangway—

“ Sail, ho !”

“ Where away ?” exclaimed Carlton, as he hastily reached the deck.

“ Three points on the lee bow,” replied the lookout from the masthead.

“ What does she look like ?”

"Can't see plain enough to tell, sir."

Taking his spy-glass, Carlton went immediately aloft, where he stopped a few moments, and then exclaimed—

"On deck, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Keep her off a couple of points."

"Ay, ay, sir."

As by this time it had got to be pretty near dark, Carlton was obliged to return to his quarter-deck without being able to ascertain the stranger's precise character, although he was able to inform his officers that she was a large vessel, and might be either a sugar-droger from the West Indies, bound home, or a sloop-of-war cruising. "At all events," he said, addressing the first lieutenant, "we will try to sight him in the morning. You had better take in the light sails, Mr. Johnson, so as not to pass him in the night."

As soon as this order was obeyed, Carlton, after leaving strict orders to keep a sharp look-out, went below, leaving the crew busily engaged in discussing the stranger's character, and calculating the chances of getting a rich prize.

"Darn the prize," said honest Seth Sanborn, addressing one of the sailors, "if she's tew be got without fightin' "

"If yon lubber turns out to be a sloop-of-war,"

returned the sailor, "we shall be apt to *be* a prize instead of getting one."

"Git eout; I don't believe no sich thing," rejoined Seth. "Here we've been cruisin' abeout all reound the diggins' for a dredful long spell, and got tew or three prizes, without any glorious fightin' at all. Neow, if I was tew hev tew go home without takin' part in a reg'lar up and deown, eout and eout battle, I should feel 'tarnal strekid, neow I tell ye. Confeound the odds; s'pose she is a sloop-of-war, who's afeerd, hey? Not Seth Sanborn, by a darned sight. No, *sir*! In the words of the mortal Shakespeer, as talked over by cuzzen Josh Sniffkins, who's red him clean threw, from a tew ed-zettera, I say tew the Britishers,—

"Come on, curse on yew, 'tarnal Jack Mackduffee,
And *darned* be he who fust cries hold, enuffee!"

With this unique defiance, and the hope that honest Seth may have his belligerent propensities fully gratified, we bring this chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XVII.

“ A secret of vast import
Must to the hapless maiden be revealed,
Making strange memories to her mind most real.”

Soon after the *Lapwing* got clear of Salem harbour (out of which, at the close of the fourteenth chapter, our story left her sailing), her captain was much surprised and chagrined at finding the majority of the crew, with one or more of his officers, grossly intoxicated. In fact, there were scarcely sober men enough to work the schooner. Although Hernandez had observed they were very noisy in getting under weigh, their being inebriated to such an extent as he now found them never entered his mind, as he had allowed none to go on shore, except those who went in his boat, and who, he knew, returned on board with him perfectly sober.

In the absence from the quarter-deck of his first tofficer, who was busily engaged, with such men as were fit for duty, in taking care of the vessel for the night, the captain called the steward, in order to ascertain if possible from that coloured worthy,

from whence the men obtained the means of getting so uproariously drunk.

In obedience to the pilot's order, the steward, who had been amusing his drunken shipmates by dancing the Virginia reel, made what he called a bee-line for the quarter-deck, singing all the way, as follows :

“ De coloured gals all sing,
Down in old Virginny,
So does buccra man,
So does piccaninny.”

“ Did you call me, sah ?” he continued, speaking with a sort of drunken gravity to the captain.

“ Yes,” replied Hernandez. “ Where did the men get their liquor ?”

“ Can't say, sah. Tink, dough, dat he must have *rained* down from somewhere.” Then he sang again as follows :

“ Nigger lub biled rice,
Nigger love tobaker,
Also lubs salt fish,
With little bit ob cracker.”

“ Stop your infernal noise,” exclaimed Hernandez, “and tell at once all you know about this.”

“ Dis what, sah ?”

“ Where the men got their liquor.”

“ Dis chile doesn't know nothin' at all about him, sah. Tinks a cask of rum got smuggled aboard

instead of fresh water—yah, yah, yah. Hear anudder varse ob de song, sah :”

“Poor old Nigger lub
Little drop ob whisky,
White man lub um too,
Bekase it makes um frisky.”

“Soon as you get sober, I’ll see if a rope’s end won’t make you frisky,” rejoined the indignant captain. “Where did you get your rum from, you black imp?”

“Get um out ob bottle, sah.”

“Off with you forrard, before I throw you overboard,” said Hernandez, by way of suitable reply.

“Yis, sah—much obliged—call agin, sah,” muttered the intoxicated Negro, who, as he staggered towards the forecastle, sang again like this :

“Coloured gals all say,
Dat dey lub dis Nigger,
So he will git spliced
When he gits a little bigger.”

Soon as the first lieutenant came aft, Hernandez asked him the same question he had previously asked the steward, to which the officer replied as follows :

“None of the crew went ashore, sir.”

“Did any boats come alongside?”

“One or two, I believe, sir.”

“Then that is where the liquor came from. The men are all pretty much intoxicated, are they not?”

"Sorry to say they are, sir," responded the first officer, "and worse than that, the second lieutenant is as drunk as any of them."

"A pretty predicament to meet an enemy in," observed Hernandez.

"Rather bad, sir, I must confess."

"How is she heading?" inquired the captain.

"On her course, sir, south-east by east."

"And going pretty quick through the water?" remarked the captain. "How is the wind?"

"West nor'west, sir."

"All right. Keep her off another point, and if it comes on to blow harder, call me."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the lieutenant; after which, the captain went below.

Finding that Lucy Arlington had not yet retired to her state-room, the Pilot of the Gulf, as he seated himself upon the transom, addressed her thus:

"Have you as yet felt sea-sick, Miss Arlington?"

"Not at all, sir," responded Lucy.

"Thank God for that," replied Hernandez.

"What is the matter, sir?" inquired Lucy, observing that the pilot's countenance was troubled.

"It seems to me you are uncommonly excited."

"There is reason enough why I should be so," resumed the pilot. "Things are not right on deck, and I have a strong presentiment that misfortune is following in our wake."

“What cause is there for such presentiment?” inquired our fair heroine.

“You are a brave girl, and not afraid of danger,” replied Hernandez, “and therefore I will tell you. Know then that the enemy, in great force, are in our immediate vicinity, so that I should not wonder, when the morning dawns, to find myself surrounded. Even for this, however, I should not care if my ship’s company were fit to meet them.”

“And are they not?” asked Lucy.

“They certainly are not,” rejoined the pilot. “Whilst I was on shore yesterday, either by treachery or some other means, liquor was smuggled on board, of which most of the sailors, and, I am sorry to say, some of the officers, partook, and thereby rendered themselves unfit for duty. Therefore, just so sure as we happen to fall in with an enemy before they get completely sober, just so sure shall we be captured. In view of this fact, Miss Arlington, and not knowing that I shall have another opportunity, I have thought best to reveal a secret which to you may be of great importance. I think I have often heard you say you never knew your parents?”

“No, sir, I did not; but yet at various times strange remembrances have entered my mind, so vague and indefinite that they never seemed to meet a repetition. So I have always thought that these remembrances were first induced by the earnest wish

I felt to know in exact reality who my parents were. Do *you* know, sir?"

"Indeed I do not ; yet still I think that even I can throw some little light upon your early history. Many years ago I was second officer of a ship bound from New York to London. At that time I was only twenty-five years of age. We were sailing up the channel against wind and current. It was in the evening. Another vessel going free before the wind passed swiftly athwart our bow. After she had got some distance ahead, I noticed a white object, seemingly no larger than a bird, floating upon the surface of the sea. Our captain, a generous and noble-hearted tar as ever sailed on salt water, saw it too. Then the ship was hove-to, and a boat lowered, with orders strictly to investigate this strange phenomenon. I commanded that boat. The strange object was soon reached, and I took it into the boat with my own rough sailor-hands. I saw it was a child, the buoyancy of whose dress alone had saved it from a watery grave. My attention was at once attracted by a little golden locket, hanging from a ribbon that encircled the child's fair neck. Actuated by an impulse for which I never could account, I took it off, and placed it in the pocket of my coat ; the child being all the time apparently insensible to what was going on. Soon afterwards, with our precious charge, we arrived alongside of the ship. At first, our noble captain

took the child in charge. At the same time there happened to be a passenger on board—his name was Arlington. Being a wealthy man, he at once offered to take the child and adopt it as his own. His offer being gladly accepted, the little one was forthwith placed in his custody. Two days afterwards we arrived in the Downs, and our passenger and his adopted child went on shore. Although I then for the time lost sight of the friendless orphan, I knew well the man that had her in charge as being a wealthy American merchant, taking a European tour ostensibly for his health. I marked the man—always afterwards keeping him in mind; and, as occasion offered, also in my sight. In my eagerness to tell all I knew, I had nearly forgotten to mention, that when you left the ship you were very ill indeed. A fatal fever, as I thought, had fastened its deadly fangs upon your tender vitals. You had been delirious from the time that you were rescued, and in this precarious state you left the ship. Afterwards, on the passage home, I examined the golden locket, and found engraved upon it the following words: ‘Marie, twin-daughter of Count and Terese Claremont.’ After I arrived at New York, I went to Boston, and unexpectedly got a chief mate’s berth in Arlington’s employ,—went a voyage to India,—and on returning visited him at his country seat in Plaistow, with the orphan of the Channel, then about eleven years of age, still in his

charge. Then leaving his employ, I suddenly became a wayward wanderer throughout the world. Finally I returned, and established myself as a humble pilot from the port of New York ; where, from the daring recklessness I frequently exhibited in going farther out to sea than my companions, I soon obtained my present title—the Pilot of the Gulf. Excuse me for one moment.”

So saying, Hernandez retired to his state-room, and immediately returned with the locket, which he presented to Lucy, and then said :

“ This is the only evidence of your identity now in existence. Take it, with my best wishes for your future welfare. I should have given it up before, had not Arlington adopted you and given you his own name. Knowing that he was rich and without children, I thought it best for all concerned that you should remain in ignorance of your real parentage. As soon, however, as I found him acting towards you a tyrant’s part instead of a father’s, I resolved to the contrary. Therefore, not knowing what may be on the morrow, but fearing the worst, I have taken this opportunity to reveal the secret of your early history.”

“ Alas, my parents ! where are they ? ” asked Lucy, as the pilot concluded his strange narrative.

“ Indeed,” replied Hernandez, “ I do not know. In fact, I never had an opportunity of inquiring.”

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by a voice at the head of the gangway singing thus :

“ Pomp and Sam and Cuff
All are pretty figures,
All are up to snuff,
And bery handsum Niggers.”

Next moment a lot of crockery, in the shape of tea-cups, plates, and so forth, came with a crash down the cabin-stairs, and spread themselves in broken confusion at Lucy's feet. Just in the rear of these came the steward head foremost, and apparently more drunk than ever.

Enraged almost beyond endurance at this serio-comic scene, Hernandez, seizing hold of a thick leather strap near by, was about inflicting summary punishment on the intoxicated Negro ; when Lucy interposed, and begged him to desist.

“ On your account I will do so, although he richly deserves it,” replied Hernandez. “ Still, he must go out of the cabin.”

With this, the pilot lifted the prostrate Negro in his arms, and bore him to the deck, whilst Lucy employed herself in clearing away the broken crockery that cumbered the cabin-floor.

Nothing worthy of further notice occurred till next morning, when, on the clearing up of a thick fog, Hernandez found himself close under the guns of the English sloop-of-war *Arcturus*. A shot fired,

from the latter brought the *Lapwing* to. All hands were then called to clear the ship for action. To this call there was but a very feeble response, only some ten or a dozen out of sixty answering the summons. The rest were completely stupid from the debauch of the previous night. Knowing that to fight under these circumstances would be utter madness, Hernandez with a heavy heart hauled down his flag, in token of surrender.

A prize master and crew were then put on board the *Lapwing*, and she was ordered to Halifax ; to which place the *Arcturus*, having taken on board Hernandez and Lucy Arlington, immediately followed her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Who marred the plot and spoiled the plan ?
A cunning, crafty, foolish man,
That knew not any better.”

ON entering the breakfast-room of the tavern at which he had the day before put up, early in the morning of the day on which the *Lapwing* sailed, Mr. Jeremiah Sanborn was surprised to see sitting comfortably at the table his near neighbour, but not very intimate friend, James Arlington.

“Glad to see you, sir,” said the latter, as the worthy landlord also became seated at the breakfast-table.

“Thank ye ; wish I could say the same.”

“Why shouldn’t you ?” rejoined Mr. Arlington.

“Because I don’t feel like it, and won’t lie for the sake of perliteneſſ te w nobody.”

“That’s right, and I admire your frank way of expressing it,” returned Arlington. “When did you leave Plaistow ?”

“Day afore yesterday,” answered Jeremiah.

“Any news there when you left ?”

"Nothin' alarmin'; no. Grass looks well; taters and corn middlin'; oats and barley confounded slim. Any news stirrin' hereabouts?"

"Nothing except war news, which is something that I take little interest in. The fact is, I am here trying to find that poor insane, runaway girl of mine."

"Miss Lucy, hey?" inquired Sanborn.

"Yes."

"Call her insane, hey?"

"Of course I do."

"What for?"

"Because she is so," returned Arlington.

"Then yew air dubble and thribble so, you confounded old sarpunt," returned Jeremiah.

"Don't call hard names, Mr. Sanborn."

"I sartinly shall, because they belong tew hard folks," returned the landlord. "Neow yew're about the hardest man all reound, ever I hearn tell on: hard-fisted, hard-souled, and hard-hearted."

"Not very hard-fisted; if I was, perhaps I should not stand insult quite so easily."

"If yew call the plain truth an insult, and can't stand it, yew had better lay it," responded Mr. Sanborn. "It's 'tarnal lucky for yew that there's only us tew here; for if there was a creowd of forty or four hundred, I'd expose yewer infarnal actions tew every one on um. Ain't yew ashamed of yewrself

neow, tew hev treated this poor gal Lucy as yew hev done, hey? Tried tew force her to marry a man she hated most abominably, and driv her reound from pillar tew post, till at last yew've driv her off tew sea, yew 'tarnal varmint, yew."

"How do you know she's gone to sea?" asked Arlington eagerly.

"Heow dew I know I'm settin' here face tew face with the confoundedist scamp that ever trod shew-leather, hey?" responded Jeremiah.

"When did you see her?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"That's none of yewer darned business," replied the landlord. "Yew're pump sucks, and yew're two dredful pious tew know."

"But, my good man—"

"Stop all that kind of soft sodder," interrupted Jeremiah; "for I don't want the devil tew call me good any heow nor any where. It looks almighty suspishus."

"Never mind all that," rejoined Arlington; "talk is talk, but money buys the land. Now, if you will just tell me where you saw Lucy, and all you know about her, I'll give you twenty silver dollars."

"Look here, squire," responded the honest farmer, "if yew wasn't an old man, or if I railly

thought yew could begin tew stand a fair fight, I'd knock yewer tew eyes intew one quicker than yew could say s-c-a-t. Why, I wouldn't tell yew anuther word about that poor gal if yew was to give me twenty times twenty dollars ; and I'm darn'd sorry I told you what I hev."

With these words, Mr. Jeremiah Sanborn left the table, and was soon afterwards going on his way rejoicing towards his rural home.

Breakfast being over, Mr. Arlington retired to his room, where some unpleasant reveries in which he was indulging were soon disturbed by the entrance of Miss Collinda Muzzey, who, as he politely handed her to a seat, addressed him thus :

" Here's a pretty kettle of fish cooked up, ain't there ? Here's that baggage of a girl of yours come back last night just as good as new. How, for Heaven's sake, did you miss catching her ?"

" Never mind, so long as I *did* miss it," replied Arlington. " But where is she now ?"

" Where you won't get her, at all events," returned the worthy spinster. " All things considered, I don't think you ought to have her."

" Why not ?"

" Because by your clumsy action you spoilt one of the best plans ever laid. Lord, if I'd a-been the man in the business instead of you, I'd have had her in spite of all the pilots or pirates in the world

that I would! Why didn't you fight for her, eh?"

"Because I had nothing to fight with."

"So you was fool enough to start on such an expedition as that without arms, eh! Well, I declare, you are a bigger fool than I thought you were."

"Perhaps I am," was Arlington's rejoinder. "But tell me where the girl is now."

"At Mr. Colville's house, getting ready for sea."

"I knew as much as that before. Who is she going with?"

"The Pilot of the Gulf," replied the spinster.

"Means must be found, if possible, to prevent this," said Arlington. "Can't you plan it?"

"No, I'm sure I can't," returned Collinda; "and if I could, you'd spoil it. You had better let the whole thing rest just where it is. The fact is, this girl of yours is a woman, and consequently she can out-wit as many men like you as could be piled between here and Boston."

"Then you will not help me further in this affair?" said Arlington.

"No, I'll never help a man to do any thing again as long as I live," returned the worthy spinster. "They are all a poor, mean, blundering, miserable set alike, and that's the blessed truth. Good morning!"

So saying, Miss Collinda Muzzey abruptly took her leave.

A few moments afterwards, as Arlington was getting ready to go out, a waiter rapped at his door, and, on its being opened, said:

“A woman below wishes to see you, sir.”

“Show her up. I wonder who she can be?” said Arlington, as the waiter left his door.

Immediately the waiter returned, followed by a tall individual dressed in a dirty calico gown, over-topped by a limp straw bonnet, underneath which was a cap that completely covered the hair on the person’s head.

“Here she is,” said the waiter, who, with this polite introduction, took himself down-stairs again.

Then the strange individual entered Arlington’s apartment, and, after carefully closing the door, commenced divesting herself, first of her bonnet then of her gown, and, lastly, of the white cap that covered her hair, the old man looking on all the while in undisguised amazement, which was not lessened by his finding, instead of the woman he expected, a full-dressed representative of Captain Horton.

“In the name of all that’s wonderful, where did you come from?” inquired Arlington, as soon as his astonishment had abated so that he could speak.

“Out of an infernal old hulk which has been

lately fitted for the accommodation of prisoners of war," was the reply.

"How did you escape?"

"By means of a washerwoman and one pound sterling in money," responded the fugitive captain. "With the latter, I bribed the lady to obtain the unique dress now lying upon your floor. This morning, with her assistance, I put it over my own, and succeeded easily in passing the guards, whilst she remained in the ship. But I have not a moment to lose."

"What do you intend doing?"

"Putting on my disguise again, and going overland to Halifax."

"By your leave, I will accompany you," said Arlington.

"I am glad to hear you say so," was the response.

Thereupon Arlington immediately ordered his carriage to the door, into which he politely handed the disguised British officer; and, seating himself by his side, took the reins, and drove rapidly off on the road to Portland. There they changed horses, and, after journeying in various ways, managed successfully to reach Halifax the next day after the *Lapwing* and *Arcturus* arrived thither.

CHAPTER XIX.

“Go at them, brave boys, right cheerily,
And let them have clip after clip;
Whilst there’s a shot in the locker,
Don’t ever surrender the ship.”

ALTHOUGH, as a general rule, during the last war, as well as throughout that of the Revolution, the British treated their prisoners of war with the greatest inhumanity and rigour, there were many noble and honourable exceptions. Occasionally a true man was found even in command of a British vessel; and such was Captain Blodgett, of his British Majesty’s sloop-of-war *Arcturus*, who, after taking Hernandez and Lucy Arlington on board his own vessel, because of her superior accommodations, generously allowed them the liberty of the cabin, and the privilege of doing pretty much as they pleased. Therefore their passage to Halifax was, taking all things into consideration, quite prosperous and pleasant.

Among the first, however, who visited the ship on the day succeeding her arrival was Captain Horton and Mr. James Arlington. As the latter caught

sight of Lucy, who happened to be on deck at the time, he turned to the captain and said :

“ I am glad to find my fair but unfortunate ward in such good and judicious hands.”

“ Unfortunate—how ?” inquired the British captain.

“ She is insane,” replied Arlington, “ or what might vulgarly be termed ‘ love-crazy.’ Is your ship bound to England, sir ?”

“ She is, by way of the West Indies,” replied the captain.

“ Then, sir, as I am suspected of being favourable to your cause, and liable on that account to be at any time arrested, I feel obliged to ask a passage thither for myself and yonder fair young lady.”

“ You shall have it, sir, and welcome,” answered Captain Blodgett.

“ Thank you,” replied Arlington, who thereupon went on to say that Lucy, being the betrothed bride of Captain Horton, had foolishly fallen in love with a young American pirate, and on that account had surreptitiously ran away from himself, her only legal guardian and protector. So he wished to take her out of the way of her unworthy lover, for her own especial benefit and good.

“ Very well,” returned the captain ; “ I shall not interfere with your plans, except to prevent personal violence. Horton, my boy, how are you ?”

"First-rate, I thank you," replied that worthy individual.

"Allow me," continued the captain, "to congratulate you upon thus singularly finding your truant bride."

"Heaven knows I have been looking for her long enough."

"You go to England with us, I suppose?"

"With your permission, yes. When do you sail?"

"Early to-morrow morning. Come into the cabin, gentlemen, and take a glass of wine."

Accepting this invitation as a matter of course, the whole party went into the cabin directly.

Meanwhile Lucy, at the first sight of her detested guardian, had, like a frightened fawn, fled below to the Pilot of the Gulf for refuge.

"And you promised to marry this man—this Captain Horton?" said the latter, as she finished a brief relation of her bitter sufferings.

"Ay, but that was a forced promise," answered Lucy, "and made when I was nearly mad."

"Therefore it is not binding," said Hernandez.

"True, but yet I fear they will try to force its consummation."

"Which they shall never do whilst I live," returned the pilot, "except with your consent."

"And that, whilst I live, shall never be given."

The conversation was at this juncture interrupted by the entrance of Arlington and his companions, the former of whom addressed Lucy as follows :

"Miss Arlington, I am glad to see you. Allow me to introduce your intended husband, Captain Horton."

Without deigning the least reply to this insulting speech, Lucy cast upon her guardian a look of withering contempt, and retired to the sacred privacy of her own apartment.

"She's going to be game to the last," remarked Captain Horton.

"Well do I know who is at the bottom of her intense opposition," said Arlington, as he pointed significantly to the Pilot of the Gulf. "Thank Heaven, though, he is now securely in my power."

"And proudly defies it," interposed Hernandez.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Captain Blodgett, "this is neither the time nor place to settle such delicate matters as those now in question. Here's to your health, gentlemen."

So saying, the worthy captain of the *Arcturus* tossed off a glass of wine, and the rest, with the exception of Hernandez, silently and with some embarrassment followed his example.

Early next morning, wind and tide being favourable, the sloop-of-war *Arcturus* sailed gaily out of

Halifax harbour, and, with a fair wind, went swiftly on her course towards the sunny South. In order to escape annoyance from Arlington and his companion, Lucy generally confined herself to her room; whilst Hernandez deigned not to exchange a single word with either of the two.

Thus things went on for little more than a week, when late one afternoon the look-out at the main-top-gallant head gave forth the welcome shout of "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Off the weather-bow, sir."

"Large or small craft?" asked the captain.

"Looks very small, sir. She is keeping off for us, sir."

"Then," said the captain, as he went aloft with his glass, "we will give him a chance to keep in and catch us."

As soon as day broke on the morning succeeding the night whereon our story left the *Phantom Cruiser*, at the close of our sixteenth chapter, the first lieutenant of that beautiful brigantine entered Carlton's stateroom, and addressing him, said:

"We are directly under the lee of a British sloop-of-war, sir."

At the same moment a shot was heard distinctly whizzing over the *Phantom's* deck. Another moment, and Carlton was on deck.

Finding that the *Phantom* was only about half a point to the leeward, and ahead at that, he ordered the fore-yard to be braced sharp up, had his main-sheet hauled chock aft, and soon surged to the windward, when he tacked, hoisted his colours, beat all hands to quarters, and gave orders to "Prepare to board."

Without the least hesitation this command was promptly obeyed, and then the *Phantom*, keeping off a little, came directly across the ship's bow, rounded to, and putting her jib-boom in immediate contact with the ship's fore-rigging; Carlton, with cutlass and pistols in his hand, exclaimed:

"Come on, boys; sink or swim, live or die; make the *Phantom Cruiser* worthy of her name!"

Then, followed by his brave crew—honest Seth Sanborn being foremost—he jumped on to the sloop's main-deck, and a scene of carnage then commenced that baffles the description of the most accustomed pen. Immediately it became a hand-to-hand encounter. Fire-arms were at a discount. Cutlasses and boarding-pikes had the hour. And amid all the din and tumult of that exciting time, the peculiar voice of honest Seth Sanborn was shouting:

"Come on, boys! Hallelewjah and Yankee Dewdle for ever!"

The British made a brave resistance. One after another of the *Phantom's* crew fell beneath their

stalwart blows. But, in the mean time, the *Phantom* herself, under command of her first officer, had not been idle. She could take the enemy between wind and water, when the enemy's shot, necessarily ranging too high, could only in a slight degree damage her spars and rigging. Some smoke—a thick and pungent smoke—burst through the *Arc-turus's* hatchway. Then the words, “The ship's on fire,” was passed along the deck, and paralysed the arms of her brave defenders. Immediately the cross of St. George, the British ensign, was lowered from the mizen-peak, the carnage ceased, and the *Phantom Cruiser* had made herself worthy of her name and reputation, and was triumphant.

CHAPTER XX.

“After Yorktown battle, sir,
Then the war was ended;
And all the Yankees had a laugh
At what had been intended.”

“KEEP quiet, every soul. Lower your boats into the water. Man them as fast as you can.”

These were the words uttered by Carlton, as he found that the red-hot shot from the *Phantom* had told—in fact, had fired the ship, and rendered her surrender a matter of necessity.

At all events, his orders were promptly obeyed, and soon the whole ship's company, including the Pilot, Arlington, Lucy, and Captain Horton, were safely embarked on board the *Phantom Cruiser*. Carlton stayed in the mean time on board the sloop-of-war until every soul had gone over her side, when, getting into his own boat, the captain of the *Phantom* made the best of his way to his own vessel. On arriving there, he was first greeted by honest Seth Sanborn, who, as he grasped his hand, exclaimed:

“Hullo, cap'n, how dew yew dew? Beat the

Britishers, ain't we? How's yewer marm? I'd give five dollars clean cash if cuzzen Josh Sniffkins was here tew report proceedings. Cap'n, yew're a brick. Excuse my boldness; I know 'tain't disciplin; but then, as surcumstances are, I can't help it. Heow dew yew dew?"

"Seth," responded the captain, shaking his hand heartily, "you have done well; I am proud of you, not only as one of my crew, but as one of my equals."

"Get eout, cap'n. Neow don't go tew killin' a feller right off the handle, will ye? But dew yew know what day 'tis, cap'n?"

"I have not thought any thing about the day," responded Carlton.

"Yew ain't, hey?" responded our worthy Yankee, "Well, this happens to be the FOURTH OF JULY, 1813, jest thirty-seven years sence the Declaration of Indipendence.

"You are mistaken, Seth," replied the captain; "this is the 4th of November."

"I know that, cap'n; but then when a great victory's been won, and deeds of glory done, I like tew call it the fourth of Jewly, any heow."

As the captain laughingly assented to this, Seth continued thus:

"Neow, if yew've no serious objecshun, I'll

meount the capstain, or any other place, and give an extrack or tew of the roARATION written by cuzzen Josh Sniffkins, and preched by me in the Plaisteow meetin'-house one year ago."

"Seth, you have the deck; do just what you like until you are stopped by legal orders," replied Carlton, who thereupon went directly into the cabin to look out, as well as he might be able, for the comfort and convenience of his extra passengers. As soon as he entered this, his own much-loved home-stead of the sea, the very first individual who met his glance caused him to start back and exclaim:

"Lucy—my own Lucy Arlington!"

"No, Carlton," was the quick reply; "no more Lucy Arlington, but Marie Claremont, sister, twin-sister to the dear one now holding me by the hand."

"It is indeed so," said Angeline.

"I do not doubt it,—I cannot doubt it," replied Carlton, "with two such exact resemblances before me."

Just behind these came Hernandez, the Pilot of the Gulf, who addressed Carlton as follows:

"Captain Carlton, although we meet under unfavourable circumstances, I am glad to see you."

"And I you," rejoined Carlton, as he shook the

pilot heartily by the hand. "You must excuse me now, however, as I have business to attend to on deck."

So saying, Carlton went on deck, where he found Seth Sanborn mounted on the capstan, just in the act of delivering one of his "extracks," which ran as follows :

"Feller ladies and citizens and gentlemun,— This is the day we sellebrate—the day on which our fourfathers died and bled and fought for the awful liberties of this tremendous country. They did that, and no mistake. They did *more*, feller gentlemun and citizens and ladies—they bled and died and fought for five dollars a month, continental currency, which ameounted in the end tew abeout tew cents on the dollar. Wasn't that a sakrifice, my Christian heroes?—left their farms and their cattle, their wives and their blackstrap, their children and their meetin'-heouses, to go eout and fight the Brit-ishers at tew cents a head—hey, what? Then emmilate the curridge and pluck of your aunts' sisters, and don't stand no nonsense from any body any where. Stand tew the constitushun ; stand to the yewnun ; stand tew yourselves and every body else ; and then, as yew lay deown with the stripes and stars of our glorious flag wavin' over yew, yew can say, 'Hallelewyah; I've fought tfe good fight, I have

done the fair thing,' and close with the usual Doxology."

Carlton, being somewhat amused at the outset, waited until Seth had done preaching, when, after seeing the *Phantom's* head put nor'-nor'-west, he again went into the cabin, and did the best he could for the entertainment of his passengers. Then followed mutual explanations, during which it appeared, according to his own statement, that the Pilot of the Gulf was originally the youngest son of the British house of Gordon, Lord George being the eldest. When about eighteen years of age, he had the misfortune (somewhat peculiar to the race) to fall in love with the beautiful heiress of a neighbouring house. Unfortunately, his brother fell into the same tempting snare, and being the elder son and heir, bore off the prize triumphantly. Then Miles, his brother, became at once a wayward wanderer, and at length established himself in America as Hernandez, the Pilot of the Gulf.

Ever since Gordon's death, Quillah, the quad-roon, seemed to be an altered being. All the strong and evil passions of her southern heart were, under the sweet and soothing influence of Angeline Claremont, effectually subdued; and she, weary and heavy-laden, had gone humbly to the common Saviour, and found the promised rest.

* * * * *

Some ten days after the events just recorded, the *Phantom Cruiser*, with flags flying, drums beating, and cannon firing, triumphantly sailed into Salem harbour. She got in early in the morning. The same evening there was a great fête and rejoicing at Mr. Colville's mansion. Captain Carlton and Marie Claremont were there. Miles Gordon, alias Hernandez, the Pilot of the Gulf, was there also ; and, by one of those common chances that are always happening in this changeable world, Jeremiah Sanborn and Keziah Hartshorn were there also.

Now, the way Seth ran up to Keziah, clasped her round the waist, and said in his homely, hearty Yankee way, " Keziah Hartshorn, heow dew yew dew, and heow's yewer marm ?" is a caution to prudes in general, and mock-modest folks in particular. But he did it, and truth compels us to say so.

A fortnight afterwards, when due notice according to law had, to every body concerned, been given, the same parties appeared at the same place, with a clergyman in tow, who joined them in the holy band of matrimony, as follows : Captain Carlton and Marie Claremont, alias Lucy Arlington ; Miles Gordon, alias Hernandez the Pilot of the Gulf, and Angeline Claremont ; Seth Sanborn and Keziah Hartshorn.

Before these weddings took place, however, James Arlington died suddenly of disease of the heart ; Captain Horton was killed in a duel ; and Quillah, the quadroon, can at this day be pointed out as faithful attendant upon Carlton's grandchildren.

Kind reader, the cruise of the *Phantom* is ended, and so is our humble story.

THE OCEAN BROTHERS



CHAPTER I.

As Captain Seth Blodgett, of the hermaphrodite brig *Invincible*, stood upon his vessel's deck as she lay at anchor in Gloucester harbour waiting for a wind, a well-dressed, middle-aged man, who had just come on board in a boat from the town, approached, and with a hurried manner and earnest tone of voice, accosted him thus :

" I understand your vessel is bound to the West Indies."

" Yes, sir ; Island of St. Thomas, from Bangor, loaded with lumber and sundries," returned the captain.

" Can you take a lady passenger ?"

" Well, yes," responded Captain Blodgett ; " I can take one, or that is, come to think on't, I don't know as I can."

" Why not ?" inquired the stranger.

" Well, yew see, sir, the fact is," answered Cap-

tain Seth, a tall, stout, and highly characteristic specimen of down-east skippers, "at sea, women-folks are apt to be in the way. Did you say your name was Tomkins, squire?"

"No, sir; my name is Robbins."

"No relation to the Bangor Robbins, hey?" rejoined the captain.

"None at all," returned the stranger. "As you seem to hesitate," he continued, "about taking the passenger I mentioned, perhaps—"

"Oh, about her, yes," interposed the captain. "Well, the fact is—"

"That you are not disposed to take her," interrupted the stranger; "but, as it is highly necessary she should go at the earliest possible time, and no expense is to be spared in furnishing her outfit and paying her passage, I—"

"Hold on, squire," interrupted Blodgett; "avast, heave in, if you please; I had rather take your lady-passenger than not, a good deal; only the fact is, the accommodation for such is rather scant."

"If the accommodations are only decent, that is all that is required," returned the stranger.

"Well, squire," resumed the captain, after a little consideration, "if your young lady has a mind to share the room occupied by my darter Deliverance—never heard of her, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, she's as neat as a pin, as smooth as a smelt, and dry as a chip. I don't mean dried up, you know, like a forty-year old maid, but a sort of dry-joker, like. Makes a feller laugh, you know. And then she's so 'tarnal gritty. And besides, she's a great fillenifer."

"Great what?" inquired the stranger.

"Fillenifer, I believe they call it," said the captain; "that is, she's always inquiring into the why, the what, and the wherefore of every thing under the sun."

"When do you sail?" asked Robbins.

"Soon as I get a wind," replied the captain. "About when that will be, though, I can't say. Here 'tis the 20th March, '62. I sailed from Bangor the 14th, arrived two days arterwards, and the wind's been at the east'ard ever since."

"Is your vessel a good sailer?"

"From fair to middlin'," returned the skipper.

"Is she insured?"

"Oh, yes."

"On a war risk?"

"Not by a darned sight," returned the captain. "The owners couldn't go that pull any how. Besides, as a general thing, I'm pretty lucky. Trip arter trip I've run to the West Indies and all around the coast since the war broke out, and have never been overhauled yet."

"You may get caught finally," returned the

stranger ; “ but as our case is urgent, we may as well risk it with you as any body. What is the number of your crew ? ”

“ Four, besides the mate and cook. All four of ’em sons of mine, and as stout a set of fellers as ever you laid your eyes on. Their names are Seth, Samuel, Joshua, and Plummer. The last is the eldest and drollest of the lot. He’s been through love, murder—every thing but sooinside, and I’m expecting every day he’ll go through that. Now, squire ; if you think your passenger will be satisfied with my accommodations, why the sooner you get her on board the better, for the wind may change at any minute.”

“ She is now at the hotel,” replied Robbins, “ and will be here, I think, in about half an hour.”

So saying, the stranger left the vessel, but returned within the specified time, in company with a maiden apparently about nineteen years of age, whom he introduced to Captain Blodgett as Miss Constance Rockwood.

It took the honest captain but a moment to note that Constance was dressed in black, and that her face, though pale, was very lovely. Her hair, which fell in luxuriant tresses over a neck and shoulders of transparent whiteness, was dark as the raven’s wing, and her eyes, though large and lustrous, were of the same wild and sable hue.

By the time the above interesting facts were

snugly stowed away in a safe and sure corner of the captain's memory, the wind changed. Mr. Robbins, after taking a hasty but affectionate leave of his fair ward, went ashore ; sail was made, the anchor hove apeak, and the *Invincible* was soon ploughing her way swiftly across the broad ocean towards her destined haven.

Two days afterwards, about the middle of the afternoon, while the good old brig was sailing, propelled by a light but fair wind, gently o'er the sea, Plummer Blodgett, a hale and hearty youth of twenty-six, met his sister Deliverance, a buxom and comely damsel of twenty-four, on the main-deck, and addressed her thus :

“ Well, Deliv, how's the young lady ? ”

“ What bizness is't tew yew, I'd like tew know, about the young lady, as tew how, or who, or what she is ? ” returned Deliverance.

“ Why, it's considerable tew me, if not more,” rejoined Plummer. “ Fustly, as Parson Snoozle sez, in a gin'ral pint of view, I'm fond of young ladies ; secondly, I'm curous about this one in particular, because she comes nearer in looks and so on to a giniwine aingil, than any one I know ; and thirdly, because she's the bewtifullest creeter of the kind I ever laid my eyes on ; fourthly and lastly, for ever and finally, yew know, Deliv, that afore I'm dead I may take a noshin tew be—mar-ri-ed.”

"O Lord!" exclaimed Deliverance, with a contemptuous laugh, "yew tell about gittin married! Don't; it makes me sick tew my stummark. Well, I declare, yew, with hands like a elephant, and feet a half-a-dozen of which would make a kentle of salt-fish, talk about gittin' married! oh, yew git eout."

"Look here, sis," responded Plummer, "I'll bet nine shillins cash or approved credit, that I get married afore yew dew."

"Me git married!" replied Deliverance, with a scornful smile, and highly contemptuous toss of her head; "pah, I'd die fust. Do yew s'pose I'm tired of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, so that I'll go and throw myself away upon a great, big, ugly, good-for-nothin' sarpent that wears trowsez? I don't see it."

"Nor any other man," returned Plummer. "Now, sis, let me coax yew a little. Please tell me how the young lady in the cabin is, now that's a darlin', won't ye? I know she's been awful sea-sick. Now say, is she better or wusser?"

"Neow, Plummer," answered Deliverance, "I'll tell yew jest what I'll dew; if yew'll show me the writin' yew got from that air old shipwrecked sailor that went with father last trip, I'll tell yew all I know about the young lady in the cabin."

"I can't show yew the writin' jest now, sis," replied Plummer, "because it's clear away down tew

the bottom of my chist, but I'll tell yew the long and short on't, if that'll dew."

"Go ahead then, and tell your story fust."

"But will you truly tell yours arterwards?" inquired Plummer.

"Sartingly I will," returned Deliverance.

"Hope tew die, if yew don't?" said Plummer.

"Yes."

"Well, then," resumed Plummer, "the writin' says a ship got afire at sea."

"And all the passenger and crew were burnt up," observed Deliverance.

"If they had been, there wouldn't be any writing, yew 'tarnal goslin," said Plummer. "Among the passengers, however, there was a lady and gentleman, who had a couple of boys between two and three years old, who were twins. The old tar who gave me the writin' was aboard of the same ship. Each of the twin boys were marked with a cherry on the side of the neck."

"That ain't up tew yew, Plummer," observed his sister, "for you are marked all round the neck."

"Git eout, I ain't now. What with?" replied Plummer..

"A rope," was the brief response.

Apparently considering this insinuation of his gentle sister's beneath contempt, Plummer took no notice of it, but continued thus :

"Well, as I said afore, the ship was afire, and every body aboard was combollawopsed all in a heap. There was a darned confusion all round the ship. Every body was a-lookin' out for number one, except the parents of them air twins, and they was lookin' out fur number four. The children fust and themselves arterwards, that was the parents' motto."

"What-o?" interrupted Miss Deliverance.

"*Motto*, yew 'tarnal wooden-head," responded Plummer; "and mind now, if yew bother me again, yew'll jest lose the whole story."

"Not exactly, because I've heard part on't already," returned his fair companion. "But yew go ahead again, Plum, and if I attempt tew put my oar in till yew get clean through, I give yew leave and liberty to box my ears."

"Well, then," resumed our Yankee sailor, "the idea of the parents was fust to git their children into a boat, then get in theirselves, and trust to Providence for the future. There happened to be three boats alongside, all of 'em jest about ready to put off from the ship as quick as possible. As the fire was ragin' worse and worsc, and the wind was a-rising higher and higher, the parents couldn't stop to pick their boats; tossed one child into one, another into t'other, and had barely time to get into the third their own selves, when all three of the boats put off, and left the burning ship to go to destruction on her own hook."

"And the poor baby-boys were never arterwards heard of, eh?" inquired Deliverance.

"One of 'em was, sartin," answered Plummer; "and he was the one that happened to get in the boat with old Purcell, the chap that made the writin', you know. The boat them two was in, owin' tew the darkness of the night, highness of the wind, and so forth, drifted clean out of sight of the others, and was lucky enough, soon arter daylight next mornin', tew get picked up by a Yankee ship bound to New York. Well, the captain of that ship took a liking to the poor orphan boy, and after arriving in port concluded to adopt him as his own."

"Cut your yarn short off now, Plum," interposed the sister, "for here comes father from the fore-top-gallant cross-trees puffin' and blowin' like a sparm-whale. He's been spyin' all round the compass this last half-hour. Somethin's in the wind, I'll warrant ye."

"Guess he's found the sea-sarpent," replied Plummer.

"Bear a hand, Plum!" exclaimed the captain, as he got within speaking distance, "and get out the fore-topmast stu'n-sail."

"Ay, ay, sir! What's the row?"

"There's a mighty suspicious-lookin' craft off the weather-beam," rejoined the captain, "comin' smack down on us like a thousand of brick."

"It won't be apt to ketch us in a hurry, coming at that rate," observed Deliverance.

"Do yew think the stranger's a rebel?" inquired Plummer.

"Shouldn't wonder if she is," returned the captain. "If so, our case is awful dubious. Our only chance is to keep out of her way till after dark, if we can: and then, by changing our course, come the dodge game. Now, Plummer, I leave you to keep the brig on her best point of sailing, whilst I go below to prepare our lady passenger for the worst that may possibly happen."

"Look here, Plum," said Deliverance, just after her father went into the cabin.

"Look where?" said Plummer, in reply.

"Here," returned Deliverance, holding out, at arm's length, what appeared to be a large miniature.

Taking it from his sister's hand, Plummer saw at once that it was, sure enough, the miniature of a young and handsome individual, whose name was inscribed beneath as—Lieut. Carlisle, U.S. gunboat *Ottawa*.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Plummer, "that sounds like the—"

"What?" eagerly inquired Deliverance.

"Oh, I can't stop to tell you now," responded Plummer, "for I'm as busy as the devil in a gale of wind."

So saying, Plummer went forward to superintend the setting of light sails ; whilst Deliverance, having previously regained the miniature, apostrophised it thus :

“ Oh, yew splendid and dredful beauty ; if yew was only my feller instid of Miss Rockwood's, wouldn't I love you some ! I guess so. If yew was mine, and I was your'n, I'd love you till my latest breath was drawn, or until we was both asunder sawn. Now, our Plum knows sumthin' about this that he hain't told me yet, and not a bit of peace does he hev till he does tell me, that's sartin.”

“ Darter,” said the captain, as he put his head suddenly out of the cabin gangway, “ you're wanted below.”

“ Yes, dad, I'm on hand, like Day and Martin's Cape Ann blackin',” replied Deliverance ; who thereupon immediately retired to the cabin.

CHAPTER II.

"GIVE her every ounce of steam she'll bear, Mr. Crosbie."

Such was the order issued by the active captain of the rebel steamer *Georgia* to his chief engineer, soon after he discovered a strange vessel four points off his lee-bow, in the latter part of the afternoon alluded to in the previous chapter.

"She has all she'll bear now, sir," replied the engineer.

"Very good. See that you keep her plump up to it until you get further orders."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the engineer, as he repaired to his accustomed station.

"What do you make the stranger out to be, sir?" inquired the officer of the deck.

"A full-rigged, lumber-laden brig," replied the captain, with a vivacity of tone and manner that showed him to feel more than usually interested in his subject.

"Can it possibly be the one you have been expecting, or at least hoping, to fall in with?"

"She may be the identical craft," rejoined the

captain. "At least, old Tom Purcell, who has had a squint at her through my glass, and who was in her the last trip she made previous to this, says she must be the *Invincible*, at any rate. If he is correct, every thing is working admirably."

The officer of the deck, whose name was Wenwood, presuming upon the confidential intercourse that had always existed between himself and the commander of the *Georgia*, since they had sailed in company, asked if he (the captain) was sure that Miss Rockwood was then on board the *Invincible*.

After a moment's consideration, the captain said :

"If Robbins's plan, as detailed to me in a letter, which I received from him by, we will say, underground railroad from Boston, before I left Wilmington, has been carried out as it was originally intended it should be, Constance Rockwood is certainly on board that vessel."

"What a pleasant and plausible traitor to the Federals Robbins is !" observed Wenwood.

"And a very useful friend he also is to the Confederate cause," rejoined the captain. "If there was not a large number of individuals of the same stamp liberally distributed among all classes of Northern society, our Confederacy could not exist as such a single month."

"Where did you fall in with this Mr. Robbins?" inquired Wenwood.

"Thereby hangs a story," answered the young commander.

"Is he a relative of yours?" continued Wenwood.

"He is not," returned the captain, "although since my earliest childhood he has acted towards me as a kind and loving brother. Mine has thus far been a strange history, Wenwood; not improbable, mysterious, or unnatural; only strange. An old astrologer, one who pretends to cipher out future events and past ones too, through the agency of various stars, told me a few years ago that the planetary influence under which I entered upon life's career indicated a stormy, warlike course, with a quick, unexpected, and unnatural end."

"Have you any faith in the ultimate verification of this prediction?" inquired Wenwood.

"How can I avoid having faith," returned the captain, "when I know the starry prophet told me truly of the past?"

"Which on his part was all shrewd and cunning guess-work," said the officer of the deck.

"What matters it, so long as he guessed correctly?" resumed the young commander. "Besides, he appeared to know and repeated to me the principal events in my twin-brother's history, from the time we were so strangely separated by the accident

of the burning ship, till we became rivals and deadly enemies, not in war only, but also in love. By the way, it was at the rooms of the old astrologer that I first met Tom Purcell, whose evidence corroborated many things of which the prophet spoke."

"I think I have heard you say," observed Wenwood, "that this Purcell was in the ship you just alluded to."

"He was," replied the captain, "and wrote down a statement of what occurred at the time, which he has since given to me."

"How happened it," asked Wenwood, "that you and your brother were not saved together?"

"Because," answered Captain Carlisle, "in the hurry and confusion of the time, we were thrust into different boats."

"And your parents?"

"Have as yet never been heard from. So you see, almost before I could lisp my mother's name, I was literally cast adrift in the world, to seek my fortune, or meet it wherever it might be found. It so happened that while I drifted one way, my twin-brother was wafted in a direction entirely different. He was eventually picked up by a vessel bound to New York, and I was taken on board another bound to New Orleans. He was adopted by the master of his ship—I, by the owner of the vessel by which I was rescued from a watery grave. Of course I was

educated, as far as might be, into the peculiar political, moral, and religious ideas of my foster-father. At the age of eighteen I was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, where, in a short time afterwards, my brother received a similar appointment."

"And you both fell in love with the same young lady?" observed Wenwood, as the captain paused; "I am anxious to hear how that came about."

"In a manner quite natural, though somewhat strange," returned the captain. "Miss Rockwood is a niece of Mr. Robbins. He is now, and has been for some years back, connected in business with my foster-father, Mr. Converse. Being the Northern agent of the firm, Robbins has generally resided near Boston, which has the honour of being Miss Rockwood's place of nativity. There at her uncle's house she first became acquainted with my worthy brother, about four years ago. Soon afterwards, at Robbins' earnest request, I visited his house and was introduced to his lovely ward, whose superior beauty of person and gracefulness of manner captivated me on the instant, and transformed me for a time into the veriest noodle that ever was. In fact, I was madly in love. Having but little time to stay, I took the earliest opportunity to declare my passion to its beloved object. I was calmly, quietly, but peremptorily rejected."

"And your brother?" interposed Wenwood, as his companion came to a thoughtful pause.

"Was," returned the captain, "as I afterwards learned from Mr. Robbins, as calmly, quietly, and peremptorily accepted!"

"In consequence of which," observed Wenwood, "the presumption is, you became your brother's deadly enemy."

"Truly, we are enemies," replied the captain, "though not so by any means upon Miss Rockwood's sole account. Many other causes have combined to make our relative positions entirely antagonistic. Naturally we are of one blood, yet in political faith and moral baptism we have been educated into entire opposites. But a deadlier enemy even than myself stands in the way of my worthy brother's fond affection. I alluded to Mr. Robbins, who cordially hates him on political grounds alone, and as cordially esteems me for the same weighty and important reasons. He (Robbins) detests the Federal government and all its blind adherents. This has led him to oppose my brother's love-suit to his handsome niece, and also to place her in my power, with a matrimonial union as the ultimate result. As a part of his comfortable plan, he has sent her on a voyage to the West Indies, ostensibly for her health, but in reality for a future husband. Now, Wenwood, let us look to the chase."

"The gleam of whose white sails is about all that appears to me visible," answered Wenwood.

"Your eyesight in the dark, then, is not so good as mine," returned the captain, "for I can plainly discern the outline of the vessel's hull."

"Then she must certainly be within range of our guns," said Wenwood. "Shall we fire?"

"Not quite yet," responded Captain Carlisle. "Let us first puff on a little farther—get a little nearer, and thus bring the capture of the chase to a sure and speedy certainty."

And, amid the increasing darkness of the night, the *Georgia*, impelled by all the steam she possibly could carry, puffed madly on close to the brig's dark and wavering wake, until a gleam of fire, followed by the loud report of a distant gun, took both commanders for the moment flat aback.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Miss Deliverance Blodgett went into the cabin of her father's brig (as related at the close of our first chapter), and saw Miss Rockwood lying there in a swoon upon the floor, with Captain Seth looking helplessly upon her pallid face, she said :

"Heavens and airth, father, what is the matter?"

"Why, I told the young lady," answered Captain Seth, "that we was chased by a rebel, and likely all to be taken prisoners, unless we should fight, and if we did that we should surely be blown sky-high out of water ; and it kind of frightened her into fits."

"Laws sake alive ! I should think it might," replied the daughter. "I declare men never ought tew talk any thing to wimmen but nonsense, and plaguy little of that. It's well enough for 'em tew tell us of the female sects, how handsome we air, how confoundid angellik and scrumshus, and all that sort of thing, but to break trouble, or carry bad news, or any thing of that kind tew 'em—pshaw, yew might as well send a bear with the compliments of the season tew a turkle-dove."

"Never mind about that," returned the captain ;

"but do you coddle her up and fetch her to, while I see what's going on on deck."

"If the rebel ketches us, father," said Deliverance, as her worthy sire was about to leave the cabin, "what'll yew dew? give up or fight?"

"That depends on circumstances," Captain Seth rejoined. "What would *you* do?"

"Fight tew the last, by grashus," replied the maiden boldly.

"And foolishly get killed for your pains," observed the father.

"May be, and may be not," returned Deliverance, "I'd risk it, any how. What, give up, and knock under tew a set of rebellious traitors, who would ruin our great, grand, and glorious country for a dollar, and sell their souls tew Satan for less money! Not me,—if I did, it would be tew watch a chance tew pisen the lot. Why, I could give 'em all a gentle dose of ratsbane, and while they was groanin' out their wicked lives upon the strength on't, with a clear conshinse go tew sleep."

Before this characteristic speech was fairly concluded, her father had reached the deck.

"She's a-coming, sir," said Plummer, as the captain hove in sight.

"What, the steamer?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can't see her," answered Captain Seth, as

through his night-glass he cast a sweeping glance around the horizon.

"Nor I either," returned Plummer ; " but I can hear her: Hark !"

During the momentary stillness that immediately ensued, the old man listened and distinctly heard the regular puffing of the steamer's gigantic engines, and the cutting of the waters by her narrow, sharpened bows.

" If her commander sees our craft and calculates to take it," the old man at length observed, " it is time for him to fire a gun."

" Perhaps he means to board us," answered Plummer

" There goes the gun !" exclaimed Captain Seth, as a flash and loud report were seen and heard by father and son at the same time.

" Not from the steamer, though," responded Plummer, " for the flash and sound both came from off our weather-bow."

" There was no vessel in sight from that quarter afore dark," said the old man.

" Might have been from aloft," replied Plummer, " and we not have knowed it, because we had no look-out there ; and if it's a steamer, she might easily have pulled up with us since."

" Gosh all sixty," answered Captain Seth ; " if that's so, and there's two rebel steamers arter us

instead of one, we're goners, sartin. With an enemy close to our stern, and another coming down on us from the wind'ard, we can neither run nor fight, so we may as well heave to, and make the best on't."

"Heave to it is then, if you say so," answered the son ; "but I'd rather die than do it, any way."

"So had I," rejoined the captain ; "but to fight against sich odds would be like cuttin' our own throats. And perhaps Providence will find some means of saving us arter all. Heave her to at once."

While this peremptory order was being speedily obeyed, Miss Deliverance, hailing her father from the cabin-gangway, said :

"Father, are yew going to fight?"

"No."

"Well, I am. '

"Poh, what can you do?"

"Hand up powder, fire a gun, handle a broadsword, or stick a spear intew the fust rebel that comes along. Then, if it comes to close quarters, I can claw, scratch, and bite, like all Jchu."

"You go into the cabin," said Captain Seth, "and comfort and take care of the lady passenger; and if I conclude to fight, I'll let you know."

"I rather guess," replied the daughter, "that the young lady can by this time take care of herself."

“Has she come to?”

“For the Lord’s sake, yes, of course she has,” answered Miss Deliverance. “I can bring any body to in five minutes, that ain’t very dead. As soon as she came tew life agin, she said she was sorry she had been so foolish as to faint, then took her sweet-heart’s pictur and put it in her bosom, and said finally she was ready for the worst. Now, if she had the same opinion of mankind that I have, she would hang all their picturs, and steer clear of the whole ’tarnal crowd.”

At this point Miss Rockwood suddenly appeared on deck, and as soon as the captain saw her he, in a blunt, but kind and fatherly way, addressed her thus :

“I am glad to see you better, Miss Rockwood ; as we are likely soon to have more or less confusion on deck here, I advise you to stay with my daughter Deliverance, down below.”

“Is there going to be fighting, sir?” Constance tremulously inquired.

“Under the circumstances,” rejoined Captain Seth, “fighting is impossible, so I’ve had the vessel hove to, and a signal-light set half apeak, in token of surrender.”

“And the confounded rebel steamer,” interposed Deliverance, “is puffin’ and blowin’ like blazin’ Satan, close tew us.”

This was literally true, and the master of the steamer now considered his vessel within speaking distance: he hailed as follows:

“Brig, ahoy!”

“Hallo!”

“What brig is that?”

“The *Invincible*, from Bangor for St. Thomas. What steamer is that?”

“The Confederate war-steamer *Georgia*, Captain Carlisle, to whom your vessel is lawful prize,” was the prompt reply.

“Carlisle!” repeated Plummer Blodgett, as he joined his father, sister, and Constance Rockwood, on the brig’s quarter-deck. “That sounds like a name of which the young lady here has a picture.”

“Oh, no!” replied Constance; “it is—it must be his twin-brother whose voice we just now heard. He is a captain in the rebel navy; and I—I cannot live in his power a single day.”

“Hark! I hear a boat coming,” said Captain Seth.

“Don’t yew be a grain afeard,” said Deliverance to Constance, who now stood pale and trembling at her side; “for just as sure as a darned rebel on em lays a hand on yew or me either, I’ll lay him out a corpse right square here on deck.”

So saying, Miss Deliverance, snatching up a

handspike that stood near, flourished it over her head, in bold defiance of any and all intruders who might come within its range.

A moment afterwards, Captain Seth walked slowly aft, accompanied by a tall and handsome young man in naval uniform, who, as he approached the two females standing near the cabin-gangway, said :

“As there is another craft, who, judging from the report of a gun fired a while ago, I take to be an enemy, close aboard of us, I shall only relieve you of your lady passenger, and what little specie you may chance to have, and then let you run.”

Before this pithy speech was scarcely at an end, Constance Rockwood, overpowered at the idea of becoming so soon a captive to one whom she considered her relentless enemy, sank swooning once more upon the deck, sheltered only by the stout form of Miss Deliverance, who, with the friendly handspike at her side, stood by as a faithful sentinel.

“Move out of the way, miss,” said Carlisle, stepping towards Deliverance, “and allow me to raise the fainting lady to her feet.”

“Not much,” replied Deliverance, still remaining firmly at her post.

“We’ll see,” responded Carlisle, making a dash

towards Deliverance, as if to thrust her forcibly aside.

"And *feel* tew, yew rebellious scamp, if I know any thing about it," exclaimed our Yankee maid.

At the same time, and with a motion of unexampled rapidity, she dexterously whirled the handspike above her head and let it fall upon the advancing rebel's cranium with an impetus that laid him senseless by the side of his intended victim.

For some moments afterwards, on the deck of the *Invincible*, confusion reigned supreme. Immediately on seeing their leader fall, the boat's crew of the rebel steamer made a wild rush, as if to get possession of their commander's person, and avenge his death.

This movement being suddenly opposed by the brig's crew, headed by Captain Seth himself, a general *mêlée* ensued, during which random shots were fired, and heavy blows exchanged with cutlasses on one side, and such weapons as were handiest to be had by the other.

After this had lasted until the brig's crew seemed on the point of being overpowered, the crew of another boat appeared on the *Invincible's* bloody deck, headed by an officer whose person bore an almost exact resemblance to the man who had been

previously stricken down by Miss Deliverance. He was also dressed in naval uniform—that of the United States.

Seeing at a glance the true character and position of the parties then and there engaged in mortal strife, the officer in question, with his gallant men, joined with the brig's crew, and, after a brief engagement, succeeded in capturing four of the enemy, while four others escaped in the confusion, and, taking to their boat, made all possible haste to get on board the Confederate steamer.

Then the strange officer, turning to Captain Blodgett, said:

"I hailed before I came on board, and soon understood the reason I was not answered. I am Lieutenant Henry Carlisle, of the U.S. gun-boat *Ottawa*. What brig is this?"

"The *Invincible*," was the brief reply.

"With Miss Rockwood on board?"

"Yes."

"Tell me quickly where she is, for I am deeply interested in her welfare."

Walking instinctively aft as he spoke, Carlisle suddenly saw a female figure bending over the prostrate body of a wounded officer. Getting a little nearer, he, with a joyful cry, at once recognised the one as Constance Rockwood, the other as his twin-brother, George Carlisle !

Constance, assiduously assisted by Miss Deliverance, was trying to restore the wounded man to consciousness. In this she soon succeeded, so that the wounded man was enabled once more to stand, leaning against the gangway, upon his feet. Then the rivals of the main stood face to face, and the Ocean Brothers were once more together.

Of course Miss Rockwood was overjoyed to be once more in company with her betrothed lover, and the brothers greatly astounded at meeting each other at such a time, in such a place, and under such strange and untoward circumstances. With Captain Seth and his stalwart crew gazing with great bewilderment upon the group, a scene was formed, which Miss Deliverance said, whatever she might have meant, "was like a circus."

* * * * *

The appearance of Henry Carlisle on board the brig was easily explained. It seems the *Ottawa* had sighted both the chased and her pursuer just before dark, and immediately kept away towards them. The belligerents were so intently engaged in watching each other, that they allowed the third party to approach unperceived.

With the least possible delay, Constance, under the protection of her betrothed, was transported to the *Ottawa*, in company with Captain Carlisle, who was there detained a prisoner. Then the steamer

gave chase to the *Georgia*, which, however, in the darkness of the night, aided by her superior sailing qualities, managed to escape.

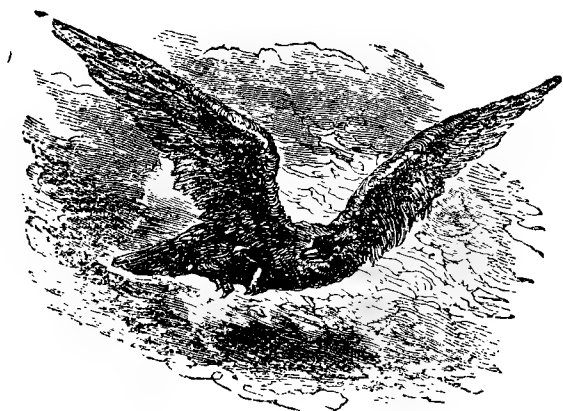
Soon after the *Ottawa* reached the port of New York, Constance Rockwood became Mrs. Henry Carlisle. Miss Deliverance was at the wedding, and, speaking afterwards about the part she took in wounding the rebel captain, said :

“ My father, brothers, and present company excepted, I'd jest as lieves kill every man in the world as not.”

Plummer explained this by saying :

“ She had a feller once, and he, havin' considerable common sense, turned her off.”

THE END.



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